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The Daily

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ILLUSTRATED

Mirror.

A Paper for Men and Women.

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No Account Miss
Pages 15 and 16.

No. 116.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

Serious Relapse Causes Gravest Anxiety.

ATTACK OF HEMORRHAGE.

Throughout the illness of the aged Duke of Cambridge the seriousness of his condition has been fully recognised. Recently, however, the more favourable bulletins and a knowledge of the remarkable vitality of the royal patient's constitution have permitted the public to indulge in hopeful anticipations of convalescence.

Yesterday morning these hopes were overclouded by a serious relapse, the gravity of which cannot be minimised.

THE LATEST BULLETINS.

News of the change in his Highness's condition came to the public through the bulletin issued at 9.30 yesterday morning by Sir Thomas Barlow and Mr. R. Fuller, which was as follows:—

After some days of satisfactory progress H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge was seized early this morning with a recurrence of hemorrhage from the stomach.

H.R.H. has slightly rallied, but this fresh attack gives cause for renewed anxiety.

Shortly after mid-day the physicians held a further consultation, and the following was posted at the gates of Gloucester House at two o'clock:—

H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge has lost ground this morning, after a further hemorrhage, and his condition gives rise to the gravest anxiety.

At half-past seven a further announcement was made:—

There is no change in the Duke of Cambridge's condition.

At an early stage in the crisis the family of the Duke were summoned, and Prince Francis of Teck and Prince Alexander of Teck arrived during the day, the latter motoring up from Claremont.

THE DUKE'S POPULARITY.

The Duke expressed a wish to see the King, and the King himself was anxious to visit the Duke, as he did last week for several days in succession, but the doctors were of opinion that the presence of the King would be too much for their patient.

Throughout yesterday there was a continuous stream of inquirers at Gloucester House.

The keen sympathy shown in the Duke's illness by the public is only what might be expected, as he enjoys, in a particular sense, a wide popularity. His good nature is proverbial, and there can hardly be a charity in existence that he has not, at one time or another, occupied the chair for at a festival dinner.

The Duke's outspoken language has been accepted by the man in the street as typical of John Bull bluntness, and pleased him vastly.

No more certain proof of the affection with which he is regarded can be mentioned than the popular disposition to father on him every possible story with a humorous point.

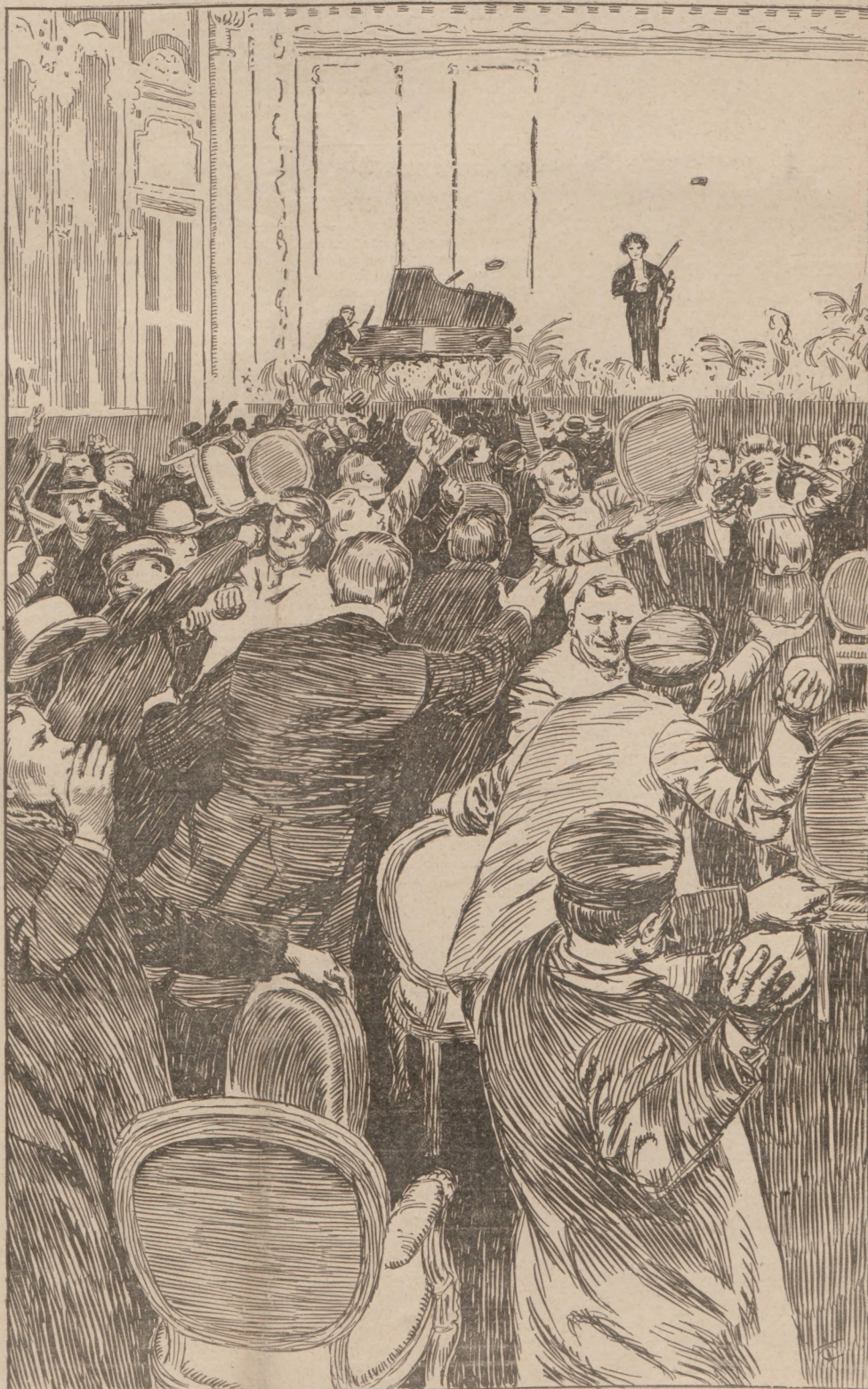
FRIEND OF THE PRIVATE.

In the Army the Duke was, when Commander-in-Chief, always regarded as the friend of Tommy Atkins, and the highest tribute of praise of his thoughtfulness and care for his subordinates came from the ranks.

Dr. Sheppard, Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, who has been a frequent visitor to the Duke in his sick-room, yesterday remained at Gloucester House for the greater part of the day.

A great number of military officers were among the visitors.

THE MOBBING OF JAN KUBELIK.



All the sweetness and power of Jan Kubelik's wonderful art could not save the marvellous young violinist from an exhibition of racial ferocity at Linz, in Upper Austria, on Tuesday night. Thousands of Germans broke into his concert hall, calling loudly for revenge upon the innocent musician for ill-treatment accorded to their countrymen at Prague. While mirrors were smashed and missiles thrown at him young Kubelik played on, superbly indifferent to the riot. When compelled at length to leave the hall Kubelik was followed by a howling mob to his hotel, where the demonstration was continued until midnight.
[The Daily Illustrated Mirror.]

RUSSIA'S HUGE PLANS.

Half a Million Men for the East.

COST OF THE WAR.

Japan Spending £1,000,000 a Week.

General Kuropatkin and his staff are travelling to the front at top speed, the train only halting for fifteen minutes at the chief stations to take in coal and water.

Across Lake Baikal the train will be drawn along the railway by horses, and the General will reach Mukden on the 20th inst.

The Russian Commander-in-Chief has stated that his first line of defence against the Japanese will comprise 300,000 men, but, in addition, he will have a second body of 200,000 men to guard the lines of communication.

In this way he hopes to effectually prevent the Chinese taking any steps to assist the Japanese.

FIGHTING WILL BE DELAYED.

This estimate is supported by Count Nelidoff, Russian Ambassador to Paris, who asserts that there are between 200,000 and 250,000 Russian troops already at the front, but operations will not begin until 200,000 more have concentrated, which will occupy another three or four months.

Famous corrections are being made of certain statements attributed to General Kuropatkin. His remark that "I think I shall have done with Japan by the end of July" is now withdrawn, and what the General meant to say is now said to be: "I do not know whether any important action will take place before the end of July, but I hope to have finished before the end of the year, and to leave the field free for the plenipotentiaries whose business it will be to draw up the conditions of peace."

JAPAN'S HUGE WAR BILL.

Since the commencement of the war up to the present Japan has spent about £5,000,000 on the war, and it is estimated that by the end of this month the disbursements will have reached £15,000,000.

The expenditure on the war from April to December next is estimated at £38,000,000, and it is proposed to meet this by the issue of Exchequer bonds, the extension of the tobacco monopoly, and the creation of a salt monopoly.

PORT ARTHUR TO BE HELD.

General Stoessel has received a telegram from General Kuropatkin saying he must hold Port Arthur with the present garrison.

Vessels which left Port Arthur on the 12th inst. report that there were then no signs of evacuation on the part of Russia.

On the 12th inst. the Japanese again attacked Port Arthur, and the total Russian casualties were over 300 killed and wounded.

There is still no news of the Vladivostok squadron, or confirmation of the flight of the Port Arthur fleet to that port.

RUSSIANS CROSS THE YALU.

Messages from Ying-kow yesterday state that part of the Russian main force is reported to have crossed the Yalu River.

Another Reuter message indicates that the main Russian body crossed the river about the 12th inst., leaving small bodies of troops at Antung, Ching-Cheng, and other points to guard the river.

LADIES IN THE LOBBY.

Woman Suffrage Occupies the House of Commons.

While heated Nationalists were waxing eloquent upon the allocation of the Irish Development Grant, English members were yesterday experiencing some embarrassing moments in the Central Lobby. They were face to face with the winsome champions of women's rights in England.

Women's political disabilities were to be discussed at the evening sitting, and how was the mere male legislator going to vote? Daintily-gowned ladies pressed the question upon him. There was no escape.

The Government supporters, profiting by the lessons of Tuesday's defeat, were in greater force than ever. The argus-eyed messengers had spotted them. The ladies' cards had duly reached them in the sacred precincts of the Popular Chamber, and gallantry and honour alike demanded their immediate presence in the lobby. They came, they saw, and were in many cases conquered.

A "lovely woman" was well represented in the ladies' grille, where Sir Charles McLaren, the Liberal member for the Bosworth Division of Leicestershire, rose at nine o'clock to draw the attention of the Commons to the disabilities of the fair sex in respect of the Parliamentary franchise. But the attendance of members, in spite of the energetic "button-holing" earlier in the evening, was surprisingly small.

BLOWN UP BY LIGHTNING.

A terrible catastrophe has occurred, according to Paris papers, at Diego Suarez, Madagascar, resulting in the destruction of the central reserve magazine of artillery in that town, and the loss of twenty-seven lives.

On the evening of February 19 a storm came on, and about eight o'clock the magazine, which was without a lightning conductor, was struck by lightning. The explosion was heard twenty miles away.

KING AND THE PRESS.

HIS MAJESTY ON THE IMPORTANCE OF NEWSPAPERS.

The London correspondent of the "Neues Wiener Tagblatt" has received the following letter from Lord Knollys, to whom he had forwarded a copy of a telegram which had appeared in his paper, stating that it was the King's earnest desire that the Press of all countries should unite at the present time in promoting good will amongst the nations:—

Buckingham Palace,
March 12, 1904.
Sir,
I have had the honour of submitting your letter and enclosure to the King.

I am commanded to inform you, in reply, that his Majesty attaches much importance to the tone adopted by the Press of the various countries at the present juncture, and he was therefore glad to read the telegram which you sent on Tuesday last to the "Neues Wiener Tagblatt."

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) KNOLLYS.
Dr. M. Ernst.

The King and Queen went down yesterday afternoon to Esher to visit the Duchess of Albany and Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck.

The King used for the first time in public his new Mercedes car. His Majesty had previously tried the new machine in the grounds of the Palace. Queen Alexandra used a small car painted white.

The powerful new Mercedes used by the King appeared to be performing most satisfactorily.

MR. HOOLEY'S "CRIME."

"I'VE LOST MY MONEY AND NO ONE WILL FORGIVE THAT."

The Attorney-General was asked by Mr. Lambert in the House of Commons yesterday whether his attention had been drawn to the report dated January 10, 1899, of Mr. H. Brougham, Official Receiver, alleging that the bankrupt, Mr. E. T. Hooley, had been guilty of fraud in connection with the Beeston Tyre share deal, with a view to moving the Public Prosecutor to action.

In reply the Attorney-General said the matter formed the subject of careful consideration in 1899 by the Attorney-General and the Director of Public Prosecutions. Full inquiries were made, but action was not taken because the necessary evidence could not be obtained.

The subject of this question by Mr. Lambert remarked yesterday with a suspicion of bitterness in his voice that "it seemed as if they would never let him alone."

"You see I've committed a great crime," Mr. Hooley went on; "in fact, the worst crime a man can commit. I've lost my money, and no one will forgive that, and it seems to me that they are determined I shall never manage to make any more."

"This question of Mr. Lambert's is in reference to a matter that occurred eight years ago, and the whole affair had been thoroughly gone into years ago. When the question was asked, the answer to it was perfectly well known. It simply was, that there was no evidence at all against me."

"I don't think it is quite fair play. I am doing my best to repair my position, and I think I ought to have a chance. That's all."

TO EYE WITNESSES.

The "Daily Illustrated Mirror" invites amateur and professional artists and photographers to send IMMEDIATELY rough sketches and photographs of interesting and important happenings which may come under their notice at home or abroad. All photographs and sketches that are used by the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" will be paid for, but no photographs or sketches will be returned in any event. Express letter delivery or "train parcels" should be used whenever possible. Address:

QUICK NEWS DEPARTMENT,
"Daily Illustrated Mirror,"
2, Carmelite Street, London.

PRINCE'S THOROUGHNESS.

Royal Visitors' Busy Day at Eastney Barracks.

In his capacity of Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Marines the Prince of Wales yesterday visited the Royal-Marine Artillery at Eastney Barracks, Portsmouth, and inspected the corps. The occasion was one of much interest, for it was the first official visit of his Royal Highness to the famous Blue Marines.

The Prince carried out his inspection on very thorough lines, for after seeing the men on parade he proceeded to look through the books of the corps.

In the afternoon the Princess laid the foundation stone of a new church which is being erected for the use of the corps.

Later the Prince and Princess visited the Royal Naval Barracks, where displays of gun drill and gymnastics were given in their presence.

One man was killed and a second seriously injured by the bursting of a defective flywheel in the engine-room of Pink's jam factory, Long-lane, S.E., last night.

IN STRANGE TIBET.

Lamas' Solemn Curse and a Terrible Fire.

The Tibetans at Tuna (telegraphs the "Daily Mail" correspondent) say that the proposed attack on the British Mission was postponed at the instance of the Lamas, who held a communion service at Guru, and solemnly cursed the Mission for three days. They prophesied that the British forces would dwindle away by the act of Providence.

Reuter says another large convoy has reached Tuna. It experienced a series of snowstorms and terrible cold. Twenty mule drivers were frost-bitten.

The recent fire at Forathang Post was a most extraordinary spectacle. The flames and sheet-lighting filled the whole valley. The forest on both sides was set on fire, and the tree-tops blazed like gigantic lanterns for several days. The whole of the stores and supplies were destroyed in a few minutes.

Voters in the East Dorset Division recorded their votes yesterday, the candidates being Mr. Van Raalte (Unionist) and Mr. Clarke Lyell (Liberal). The result will be announced to-day.

TWO STRANGE CRIMES.

Strangled by Mistake in the Dark.

A DRAMA OF PASSION.

Shoeless, hatless, and with a bed quilt thrown over his shoulders in lieu of a coat, a rough-looking, middle-aged man banged open the door of the Liverpool police office just before six o'clock yesterday morning, and said he believed he had strangled a fellow lodger in a common lodging-house under the impression that the man wanted to rob him.

In his scanty attire he had run through the deserted streets, and now appeared pale, breathless, and excited.

Going to the lodging-house, which is situated in a slum neighbourhood, a detective found the cold and lifeless body of a man lying on the floor. The man, Samuel McElhinney, a coal-heaver, aged thirty-eight, had been dead nearly six hours.

Grim Struggle in the Dark.

His assailant, a Glasgow steelworker named Thomas Cooper, gave a strange account of the affair. He arrived from Glasgow on Tuesday, and met the deceased and two other men at the lodging-house. They sat up drinking, and retired to separate cots in the same room.

After a while Cooper awoke to find McElhinney standing at the foot of his bed, and believing that the man was attempting to rob him seized him by the throat. They struggled together, but Cooper never relaxed his grip, and McElhinney sank down on the floor, as Cooper imagined, exhausted—as it afterwards turned out, lifeless.

The struggle in the dark was a grim and quiet one, for none of the other lodgers nor the proprietor of the house were disturbed by any noises.

Murder of a Sweetheart.

A sensational shooting tragedy has occurred at Northampton, a girl, named Alice Foster, being murdered by her lover, Samuel Rowledge, a carpenter, to whom she was to have been married at Easter. The brother of the murderer, Alfred Rowledge, who is also a carpenter, narrowly escaped sharing the girl's fate, as prisoner died at him when he was running from the house. The murderer afterwards seems to have been suddenly seized with remorse, for when the neighbours and police burst in upon the scene they found the prisoner kneeling by the side of his sweetheart's dead body holding her hand.

He refused to leave her and, flourishing his revolver, defied anyone to touch him.

The murder was the outcome of a sudden fit of passion, aroused by an apparently trifling circumstance. Prisoner's brother called at the house about some work he had given the prisoner, and finding that he had not started on it, he reproved him. Prisoner then ran upstairs and returned with a revolver. His brother fled from the house and had the presence of mind to bang all the doors after him. He was scrambling over the neighbour's wall when the prisoner fired.

Prisoner returned to the house and it is supposed his sweetheart remonstrated with him, and appalled by the revelation of his passionate temper threatened to break off the engagement. When brought before the magistrates the prisoner's appearance and manner betrayed nervous agitation, though he did not seem to fully comprehend the proceedings.

He was remanded until Tuesday.

GIRL THIEF-CATCHER

Courageously Throws Her Arms Round a Robber's Neck.

But for the exceptionally plucky conduct of a girl it is highly improbable that the Southwark police would now have in custody a man who is charged with attempting to rob a jeweller's window in Westminster Bridge-road. The prisoner has been remanded by the magistrate until Tuesday next.

The heroine of the capture was a Miss Bishop, of Gerrard-street, W. About eight o'clock on Tuesday evening she was looking at some trinkets in the window of a shop in Westminster Bridge-road when she was startled by some object whizzing past her head and crashing through the plate-glass window.

At the same moment a man darted up, put his arm through the broken glass and swept a large quantity of the jewellery into his pockets.

"It was only when he was making off with his booty," says Miss Bishop, "that I actually realised what was happening. I then made a jump at him and flung my arms round his neck."

He struggled very fiercely, and hit out at me, cutting my lip open and breaking one of my teeth."

Notwithstanding this Miss Bishop pluckily clung to her man until a policeman arrived upon the scene and secured the thief.

RAND ROBBERS' DARING.

Two men suddenly entered the premises of the National Bank at Denver, a suburb of Johannesburg, when no customers were present, and demanded the money in the bank from the manager.

On his refusal to comply with their bold request he was promptly shot.

The accountant of the bank, who intervened, was seized and gagged, while the thieves collected £1,100 worth of specie and decamped.

The bank manager is Mr. Gerald Roberts, an Englishman, and he is stated to be in a dying condition.

The Great Walk.

"Dr." Deighton trains and walks on

BOVRIL

See daily press accounts of the veteran's progress in his great walk from Land's End to John o' Groat's—1,000 miles.

RANGE CRIMES.

by Mistake in the Dark.

MA OF PASSION.

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He had run through the door and now appeared pale, breathless.

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in the Dark.

a Glasgow steelworker named Cooper, gave a strange account of the murder of a man named McElhinney on Tuesday, and of two other men at the lodging-house, and retired to the same room. Cooper awoke to find McElhinney out of his bed, and believing him to be a burglar, he seized him and attempted to rob him. They struggled together, but Cooper, finding he was no match for the man, fled. He was followed by the man, who was armed with a knife. Cooper fled to his room, and the man followed him. The man then entered Cooper's room, and the two men fought. Cooper was killed.

THIEF-CATCHER

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ROBBERS' DARING.

only entered the premises of the Denver, a suburb of Johannesburg, where customers were present, and they were in the bank from the manager to comply with their bold request for the bank, who intervened, and the thieves collected their booty and fled.

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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Freshening winds from between the east and south; fair to dull, with rain at times; rather cold. Lighting-up time: 7.7 p.m. Sea passages will be moderate to rather rough on our eastern and southern coasts; rough in the west.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

The King and Queen yesterday afternoon journeyed by motor-car to Esher for a visit to the Duchess of Albany. His Majesty's car, used for the first time in public, bore the regulation number-plate. (Page 2.)

It was stated at a late hour last evening that the condition of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge was such as to cause the gravest anxiety. (Page 1.)

As Commander-in-Chief of the Royal Marines the Prince of Wales yesterday visited the artillery at Eastney Barracks. In the afternoon the Princess laid the foundation-stone of a new church being erected for the corps. (Page 2.)

It is believed that General Kuropatkin will commence his operations on land when he has a force of 500,000 men to meet the Japanese. Japan is spending on the war at the rate of one million pounds per week. General Kuropatkin has given orders that Port Arthur is to be held by the present garrison. (Page 2.)

Women's rights in relation to the franchise were discussed in the Commons last evening. (Page 2.)

On arrival at Vigo the Kaiser had an interview with King Alfonso of Spain, their Majesties later dining on board the Koenig Albert. It is said that the Kaiser will call at Tripoli while in the Mediterranean. (Page 2.)

In the current issue of "Truth" Mr. H. Labouchere, M.P., states he is more than ever convinced as to the truth of the Blackmail in the Navy revelations. (Page 5.)

Sensational allegations concerning detectives were made by the Solicitor-General, Sir E. Carson, intervening in the divorce suit Pollard v. Pollard. (Page 6.)

Two strange crimes are engaging the attention of the police. A man at Liverpool has confessed to strangling a fellow-lodger; while at Northampton a woman and young man were shot at, the former with fatal effect. The assailant is in custody. (Page 2.)

Great interest is being taken in the handcuff test which takes place this afternoon at the London Hippodrome. Houdini is to be fettered with "Mirror" handcuffs—the work of an English mechanic, and claimed to be the best ever yet made. (Page 5.)

Damages amounting to £1,250 were awarded Dr. Archibald Houghton Brown, of Woking, in the Divorce Court yesterday, petitioner being also granted a decree nisi on account of his wife's misconduct with a friend, Mr. Harry Keep. (Page 6.)

Sentence was passed at Birmingham on Charles Showell, formerly chairman, and Frederick Richards, late secretary, of Showell's Brewery Company. Showell received fifteen and Richards nine months' imprisonment in the second division. (Page 6.)

St. Patrick's Day is to be duly honoured in London. Shamrock is to be presented by the Queen to the Irish Guards, and there is a great sale of Irish industries at Grosvenor House. Shamrock arrived in quantities at Covent Garden all yesterday. (Page 13.)

An arsenal explosion at Diego Suarez, Madagascar, due to the building being struck by lightning, resulted in the loss of twenty-seven lives. (Page 2.)

At Clifton, Bristol, the body of a seafaring man was found in a carriage on a railway siding, where it had apparently been for several days. Death is believed to be due to poison. (Page 13.)

Stop-watches in a case which came before the West London magistrate yesterday were submitted to a practical test in court. (Page 6.)

Polling took place yesterday in East Dorset to fill the vacancy caused by the elevation of the Hon. H. N. Sturt to the peerage. The result will be declared to-day. (Page 2.)

Paris is shortly to have two wireless telegraph schools, the first of the kind in the world. (Page 5.)

A Clerkenwell valuer, named Spooner, has committed suicide through dread of the Bankruptcy Court. (Page 6.)

"Dr." Deighton, the veteran walker, now on a trip from Land's End to John o' Groat's, crossed the border into Scotland at Gretna yesterday, confident of accomplishing his task. (Page 5.)

Oasis, who was disqualified after having won a race at Derby on Monday, carried off the Surrey Steeplechase at Gatwick yesterday. (Page 14.)

One feature on the Stock Exchange was the business in Americans. Consols were slack, and the Foreign market experienced a set-back towards the close of the day. Copper shares underwent a substantial rise. (Page 15.)

To-Day's Arrangements.

Prince and Princess of Wales visit Forton Barracks, Gosport; Horsea Island, and the Vernon (Torpedo School Ship). The Countess of Aberdeen opens the Irish Industries Association Exhibition and Sale of Irish Manufactures, Grosvenor House, 2.30. Lord Londonderry presides at the Anniversary Festival of the Benevolent Society of St. Patrick, Princes' Hall, 8.0. Grand Irish Festival (St. Patrick's Day), 8.0. Launch of His Majesty's cruiser Sapphire, at Jarrow, by Lady Evelyn. Anatomical Society: Major F. S. Baden-Powell on "Experiments with Aerial Screw Propellers," 8.0. St. James's Theatre, production of "Love's Carnival." Experiments with Captive Flying Machines, Earl's Court, 2.30. Racing: Gatwick. Athletics: Royal Military College Sports (two days); at Oxford, Merton College, 300 yards Handicap.

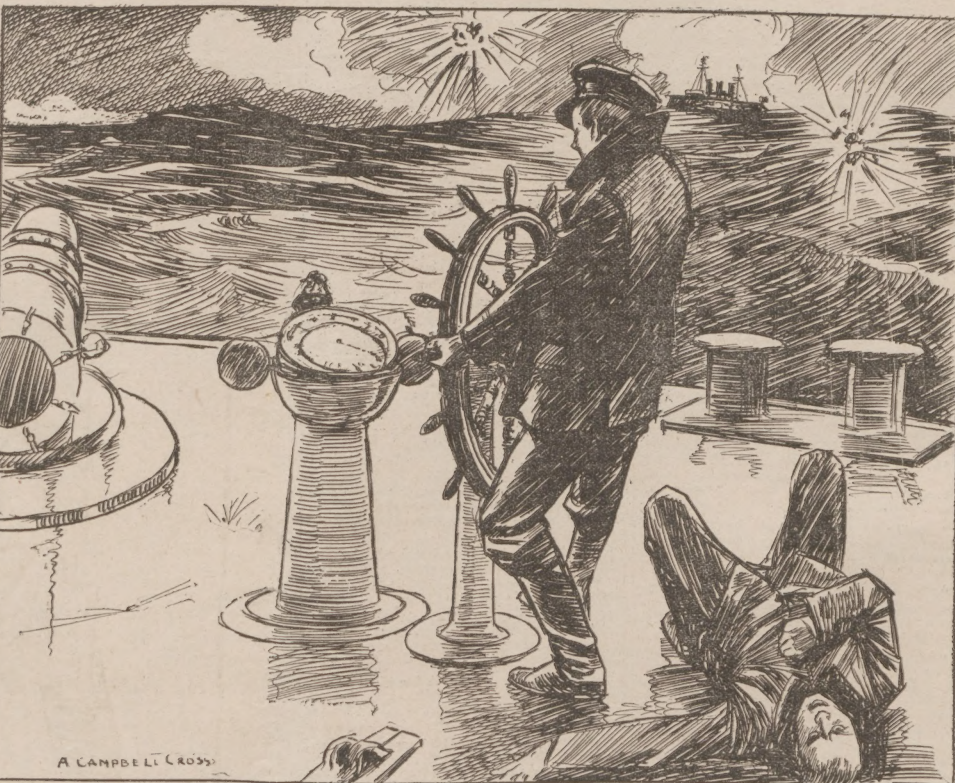
ST. GEORGE, BRING US VICTORY!



Religious processions are now taking place in all the Russian towns. The townspeople, gathering at an appointed spot, with icons and sacred banners blessed by the local bishop, march solemnly to the cathedral or church where a special service is rehearsed. Soldiers and officials in uniform take part in these processions, which sometimes stretch over half a mile, and carry as many as fifty banners depicting the Virgin Mary and Saints. The favourite saints to whom intercession is made in time of war are St. George the Victory-Bringer, and St. Alexander-Nevski, Prince of Novgorod, who defeated the Swedes in a battle on the Neva in 1240.

[Drawn from photographs taken for the "Daily Illustrated Mirror."]

"Whence All But He Had Fled."



All Russia rings with the fame of the young midshipman Palovsky, who sprang to the steering wheel of a Russian torpedo-boat destroyer during the fight off Port Arthur on March 10, and saved the vessel from the fate which befel her sister destroyer, the Stereguschchni. The steersman was dead, the electric gear shot away, and only the hand-steering gear available. Here the midshipman faced the storm of shot until he had steered his ship to safety.

COINERS' TRAVELLING "DEN."

Suspecting that the occupants of a carriage which was about to cross the frontier near Szabolcs, in Hungary, were smugglers, the Customs officials stopped the vehicle. One of the supposed smugglers (our Vienna correspondent writes) thereupon drew a revolver and shot one of the officials dead. A regular battle then took place,

during which two of the men in the carriage were killed. On the carriage being searched it was found that the owners were not smugglers, but a band of coiners who had long been sought for. They had recently introduced an extraordinary amount of bad coins into the neighbourhood. The carriage was fitted up most ingeniously with all accessories for producing the coins, models of gold ten-kroner pieces as well as silver coins being found.

DOG PLAYS FOOTBALL.

Much amusement was caused yesterday at a Bristol football match by the efforts of a sprightly terrier to secure a goal. During the interval the dog pounced on the ball and commenced to roll it from mid-field in the direction of the net. The amused players loudly cheered when the animal finally got the ball to the posts, but just missed netting it.

LUXURIOUS TRAVELLING IN 20th CENTURY LONDON.



The disgraceful overcrowding of Underground trains in London, depicted here by a "Daily Illustrated Mirror" artist, has once more been brought before the attention of the directors of the District Railway by the Board of Trade. The Company promises better things "as soon as the electrification of the line is complete." Most people will join the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" in asking why the railways should be allowed to break the law against overcrowding, a law enforced by fine in the case of omnibuses and trams.

OVERCROWDED
"UNDERGROUND."

How Seventeen Passengers Must
Struggle for Ten Seats.

Travellers on the "Underground" are looking forward anxiously to the electrification of the system in the hope that the promised relief from overcrowding will become an accomplished fact.

At present there is scarcely any period of the day when passengers can travel in comfort on the District or Metropolitan Railways, and between eight and ten in the morning and six and eight in the evening the seating accommodation is absolutely inadequate for the crowds that rush the trains. At these periods all distinctions of class are lost.

The need for increased accommodation on the lines which bear London's millions from the suburbs to the City and back again is shown by the figures recorded by Mr. E. J. Harper, the L.C.C.'s statistical officer. The number of people arriving in London by train from the suburbs between eight and ten o'clock in the morning is, he states, a quarter of a million, and the greatest percentage of overcrowding on a single train he sets down at 72.1 per cent, which is a fraction over seventeen persons in each ten-seated compartment.

Mr. Harper's figures also show that the lines which carry the greatest number of persons per annum into London are:—

Metropolitan	95,326,207
North London	50,041,333
District	48,708,327
Central London (Tube)	45,265,119
City and South London	19,755,119

London's terrible and growing need for increased railway accommodation is strongly shown by these figures when they are compared with the train service at present provided.

EARL'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

He Has Now Three Daughters, But
No Son.

That the latest addition to the Fitzwilliam family is a girl and not a boy is a source of keen disappointment to the Earl, for he has now three daughters—the eldest is six years old—but is still without a son to be successor to his title and large estates.

In England and Ireland the Earl Fitzwilliam possesses some fifteen thousand acres, and recently these were added to by the purchase of 4,500 acres more from the Duke of Bedford. Twenty years ago the Fitzwilliam estate was worth £85,000 a year.

Lady Fitzwilliam, whom he married in 1866, was a younger daughter of the Marquis of Marchmont of Zetland. She is an excellent amateur actress, and once made a great hit in a pantomime in which she danced dressed in a green dress and golden shoes.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

Sir Walter Sendall, a former Governor of Barbadoes, died yesterday in London.

Mr. Balfour stated in the Commons yesterday that he could not say if the Licensing Bill would be brought forward before Easter.

General Japp, who served in the French Army in the Crimea, the Franco-German war, and in Italy, Africa, and Mexico, is dead.

Mr. W. B. Barbour, formerly M.P. for Paisley, has left £15,500 to educational and religious institutions.

Prince Pulua, who is to represent the Chinese Court at the St. Louis Exposition, left Shanghai yesterday for Japan.

For the first time since his appointment Earl Roberts attended a meeting of the Defence Committee at the Foreign Office yesterday.

The estate of the late Lord Abinger (who died in a Parisian restaurant last December, while dining with a friend), has been sworn at £24,276 gross.

Southwark new bridge will, it was stated before a House of Commons Committee yesterday, cost £450,000, including compensation.

Alderman Stanley, of Manchester, resigned office yesterday, and simultaneously his failure was announced, the liabilities being estimated at £25,000.

In recognition of his efforts in promoting sport generally and football particularly, the Emperor of Austria has created Herz Carl Iszer a Knight of the Order of Franz Josef.

Mr. Charles Steele, partner of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, on arriving at Liverpool yesterday, denied the statement that he had crossed over to buy shares in the Shipping Trust.

According to an official return, the total receipts of the Post Office and telegraph service last year were £3,723,866, and the expenditure exceeded this amount by £49,831 less than in 1902.

"Westrumite" was sprinkled for two miles along the Beaulieu-Monte Carlo road yesterday, and the authorities were well pleased with the trial, there being an entire absence of dust.

"Ring up Newcastle," said Mr. F. W. Danell, of Vigo-street, W., through the telephone the other day. The connection was made, three minutes' conversation passed, and he rang off, all in five minutes.

To prevent passing off foreign plate as English plate, and to secure that all plate shall have the place of origin distinctly marked upon it, a Bill is to be discussed in the House of Commons tomorrow. The measure is unopposed.

During the celebration of the anniversary of the revolution of 1848 at Budapest yesterday a crowd of students and workmen, noticing that the palace of the Archduchess Clothilde and the Palace of the King were not decorated, threw showers of stones, breaking the windows.

Mr. Balfour, answering Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman in the Commons yesterday, said he would not give any date as to the holidays. Before the holidays he was pressed to make them long, and when they were over he was abused for making them short.

Sir John Gorst, in a Bill which he has introduced, hopes to assist in solving the vagrancy problem. He would empower courts of quarter sessions and Judges of assizes to order the detention of recognised vagrants in a labour colony for a period not exceeding three years.

According to latest arrangements the Prince and Princess of Wales will arrive at Vienna on April 19.

Reuter's Sydney correspondent announces the death of Lady See, wife of the Premier of New South Wales.

Two Frenchmen, walking round the world for a wager of £1,000, reached Cardiff yesterday from Gloucester.

Mr. Justice Bigham was unable to take his seat in the King's Bench Division yesterday owing to slight indisposition.

Berlin firemen were recently called out to extricate a horse that had wandered into a small room in a music-hall and become "jammed."

Mr. L. V. Harcourt, M.P., who takes his seat in the Commons to-day, will be introduced by Sir W. Harcourt and Mr. Herbert Gladstone.

Mr. Kurino, who was Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg when negotiations were broken off between Russia and Japan, left Genoa for Japan yesterday.

As the result of a murder committed by a Jew, disturbances have occurred at Volo, near Athens. Jewish shops are closed, and have to be guarded by patrols.

Built by Messrs. Cramp, American ship-builders, to order of the Sultan of Turkey, the cruiser Medjidie has sailed from Newport News for the Dardanelles.

Mr. Balfour has written to Mr. Samuel Roberts, M.P., declining at the present time to make any statement as to the provisions of the promised Licensing Bill.

Bodies of two Russian sailors, part of the crew of the cruiser Variag, have been washed ashore at Chemulpho. The Japanese buried them with full naval honours.

In a fight which took place last Sunday between Okhrida and Kichevo, Macedonia, a Bulgarian band was defeated by the Turkish troops, losing nineteen killed and twelve prisoners.

Only 250 people in a million, said Dr. Brudenell Carter, in a lecture at Manchester, rise to eminence, and they are chiefly members of distinguished families or descendants of highly-educated people.

Tottenham Council has decided to spend £25,000 on municipal buildings, and will use for the purpose £70,000 recently received as compensation from the Water Board.

Two Austrian Jews, named Schnapp and Sewzer, were at Bow-street Police Court yesterday remanded with a view to their extradition to France on a warrant charging them with the murder of a Russian jeweller at Nancy.

Under a new arrangement by the Army Council nurses in Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service will receive increased pay. Matrons-in-chief will receive up to £350, and ordinary nurses from £40 to £45 yearly.

Mr. Crosland, author of "Lovely Man," begins in this week's "Gentleman" a series of articles on "Unlovely Men." The editor explains in a head-note that Mr. Crosland means to be funny. It is just as well.

President Roosevelt intimated to Captain Perry, of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, that he ought not to preside, as arranged, at a Russian entertainment at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, as it might appear to be a breach of neutrality. Captain Perry compromised; he attended the entertainment, but did not preside.

DANGER OF A KITCHEN GYMNASIUM.

A Berlin merchant named Richter had a gymnastic apparatus fixed up in his kitchen for his promising five-year-old son.

Unfortunately the child fell whilst turning a somersault, and, there being no friendly net to receive him, dropped into a saucepan of boiling water, with a fatal result.

JAPAN PAYS THE PIPER.



In the intervals of hard field work or fatiguing outpost duty, the lucky Japanese invaders of Korea amuse themselves by watching the elegant posing which goes by the name of dancing in the Land of Morning Calm. The girl dancers of Korea are famed even among Europeans for the grace of their movements, though the musical accompaniment sounds harsh to Western ears.

HANDCUFF SENSATION.

£200 Offered Houdini for a Forecast of This Afternoon's Test.

The keenest excitement prevails throughout London about the handcuff test which will be decided at the London Hippodrome this afternoon.

On inquiry at the Hippodrome booking office last night our representative was informed that there has been a heavy booking for the matinee at which Mr. Houdini will submit to be fettered with the *Mirror* handcuffs.

Since Saturday night last London has done nothing but talk about the coming test.

"Will Houdini free himself?" people have incessantly asked one another. Scores of letters have been received by the Hippodrome management, by the *Mirror*, and by Houdini himself, expressing every shade of popular opinion on the subject.

Who's the Winner?

Yesterday morning a gentleman drove up to the Hippodrome on his motor-car and asked for a private interview with Mr. Houdini. This was granted, and the result was afterwards disclosed.

It appears that the gentleman in question offered Mr. Houdini the sum of £200 if he could decisively tell him what the result of this afternoon's trial will be.

"Can you get out of the *Mirror* handcuffs?" queried the gentleman.

"I don't know—I cannot say—I am going to do my best, but I will not take your money," replied Houdini.

Is this answer significant of coming events? A glimpse at some of the letters is very interesting, coming as they do from all parts of the country. Here is one from a lady in Somerset to the Hippodrome management:—

Feminine Indignation.

"Gentlemen,—I think you ought to be positively ashamed of yourselves for permitting the newspaper to try to defeat Houdini, whom I am sure is a delightful performer. What have you to gain from his downfall? I hope Houdini wins. Will you please telegraph me the result, as I am so anxious?"

The following comes from Hampshire, and was addressed to Mr. Houdini himself:—

"Although I have never seen one of your performances, I take a great interest in your welfare and your success. I wish you every good luck for Thursday next. I wish the maker of that handcuff had not been an Englishman. It is so hard to wish you, an American, good luck in front of one of my own countrymen. Nevertheless, I do, but they call me unpatriotic for it here. But I can't help it. I have never been unpatriotic before, and you are the only one I have been unpatriotic for."

Another Inventor.

A letter to the *Mirror* reads thus:—
"I am glad you are trying the work of a British mechanic on Houdini, and you have my best wishes for success. I shall be present in the audience on Thursday, and if your representative requires any assistance shall be glad to give him my expert advice. I have invented a much better handcuff than yours, and shall be glad to show it

ALL FRILLS AND TRILLS.



Miss Ellaline Terriss is charming those who go to see "The Cherry Girl" at the Vaudeville Theatre with a captivating canary song, aided by a chorus of dainty little yellow birds.

EGGS AT A GUINEA.

The Promiscuous Plover Often Provides a Bad Bargain.

Those who can afford those epicurean delicacies, plovers' eggs, are just now looking forward to their appearance on the market.

There is one bon vivant in London, a well-known M.P., who has a standing order with his

"LITTLE YELLOW BIRD."

Fascinating New Song by a Fascinating Actress.

Rarely has Miss Ellaline Terriss chosen a song that suits her exquisite, dainty style better than "The Little Yellow Bird," which her husband, Mr. Seymour Hicks, has just introduced into "The Cherry Girl," at the Vaudeville Theatre.

"I am glad you like the song," said Miss Terriss to a *Mirror* representative. "It is very quaint, isn't it? And my little supporters in the yellow feather dresses make a pretty picture."

"Of course the song lends itself to additional verses splendidly, and I trust to keep making bright additions to it as long as 'The Cherry Girl' runs, which, I think, will be till July at least."

"My husband heard 'The Little Yellow Bird,' was charmed with its melody, promptly ordered dress for the chorus, and put it in rehearsal, and now it is one of the principal successes of the piece. I think the public like it, for I see the irrepressible 'music pirate' is already selling it outside the theatre. I expect one day to find a singer standing in the street with a phonograph singing the song in my voice, and advising the public not to pay to go in the theatre when they can hear just as well for a penny outside."

"Here is the first verse of the song, but I must ask you not to note down the topical verses," said Miss Terriss, smiling, "especially the political ones. Really, the Lord Chamberlain is so hard on the theatres now we have to be most careful. We don't get the freedom they do on the music-halls, in spite of their grumbling!"

The snow was very plentiful, and crumbs were very few. As a weather-beaten sparrow through a mansion window flew:
Her eye fell on a golden cage, a sweet love song she heard.
Sung by a pet canary there, a handsome, yellow bird.
He said to her, "Miss Sparrow, I've been struck by Cupid's arrow."

Will you share my cage with me?
And in plaintive tone said she,
"Good-bye, little yellow bird, I'd gladly mate with you, I love you, little yellow bird, but I love my freedom too!
So, good-bye, little yellow bird, I'd rather have the cold On a leafless tree, than a prisoner be In a cage of gold."

"WIRELESS" SCHOOLS.

Paris is shortly to have two wireless telegraphy schools, the first of the kind in the world. A course of training in wireless telegraphy (Hertz system) is to be given to such postal and telegraphic officials as may have distinguished themselves in the Government service.

The latest alterations and improvements in the apparatus for wireless messages will be tested as to their suitability for adoption.

FIVE YEARS FOR SEVENPENCE.

Groll, a Cologne labourer, stopped a poor woman in the forest with the startling demand, "Your money or your blood?" She handed him over sevenpence—all she had—and the footpad has now received a sentence of five years' imprisonment.

Highway robbery does not appear a particularly promising occupation in Germany.

A Brisbane telegram says the Aramac's missing boat has been picked up. An old man of eighty jumped overboard in delirium and was drowned; but the other occupants are safe.

CENTENARIAN SINGER.

Has Taught Three Generations of Famous Pupils.

To-day the most remarkable teacher of singing the world has ever seen enters on his hundredth year.

Though celebrating his ninety-ninth birthday, Manuel Garcia is hale and hearty, with all his faculties unimpaired. He still gives occasional lessons, and with his marvellously-produced voice he is still capable of singing a phrase to show how it should be rendered.

This alert old gentleman has taught singers who charmed bygone generations, achieved fame, died, and have almost been forgotten. He trained the voices of Catherine Hayes and Jenny Lind. He was a middle-aged man when Blanche Marchesi, the mother of the well-known singer of to-day, and Charles Santley, our great baritone, came to him as pupils. He was getting on in years when he taught Antoinette Stedling.

Studied the Vocal Cords.

Mr. Garcia has never sung much in public. His father caused him to strain his voice by making him sing when a youth, before his vocal organs were properly developed. It is his marvellous knowledge of voice production that has made his name so famous among musicians.

He was the first man to make a scientific study of voice production. To aid him in his work he perfected the laryngoscope, an instrument which enables a man to see another's vocal cords, not only while they are at rest, but while they are vibrating and producing sound.

Most of his life has been passed in London, and, though born in Madrid, he has no ill word to say of our much-abused climate. He was giving lessons regularly at the Royal Academy of Music until a few years ago, and when he abandoned his post there it was more in deference to the wishes of his family than because he desired to retire.

Mr. Garcia has written books on the subject he has made his life-study, and has been honoured by degrees from many foreign universities. He is neither a teetotaler nor a non-smoker.

"SYSTEMATIC CORRUPTION."

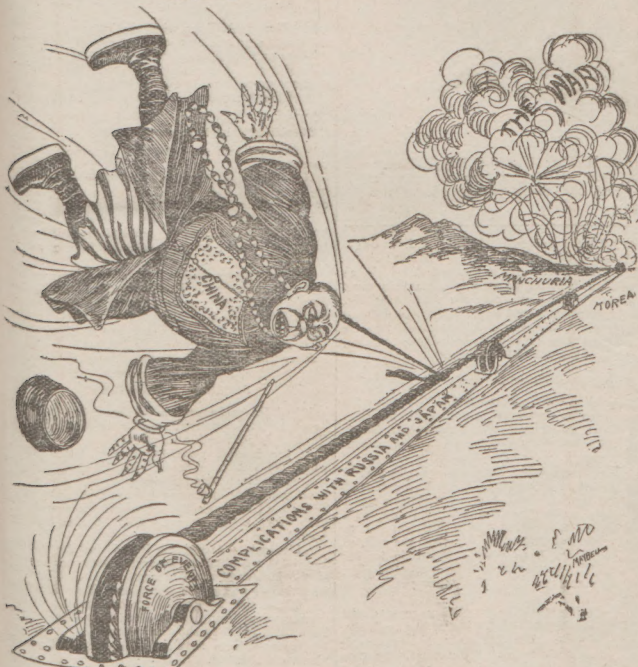
Naval Blackmail Story Corroborated by Naval Men.

Some stress has been laid, in connection with our revelations as to Blackmail by Naval Police, upon the fact that "Truth" made a reference to the matter some time ago, and then withdrew what it had said. In to-day's issue of "Truth," Mr. Labouchere says that since then he has had several communications from men who have left the Service and men still in it expressing regret that the original statement had been withdrawn, and insisting that the system of corruption described flourishes in the Navy. "I am more convinced than I ever was," he adds, "that corrupt practices of this kind are carried on systematically."

VETERAN CROSSING THE BORDER.

"Dr." Deighton, the veteran walker, crossed from England into Scotland at Gretna yesterday at 9 a.m., looking better and fresher than when he left Land's End. The occasion was celebrated by a loving-cup of hot Bovril, with the singing of "God Save the King" and "Auld Lang Syne."

LIABLE TO BE DRAWN IN.



The danger of fooling with the cable.

[Brooklyn "Eagle,"

to you if you would like to see it. May I ask the favour of an introduction to Mr. Hart?"

Every day this week crowds have gazed at the framed portraits of Houdini and the article setting out an account of the challenge, which appeared in last Monday's issue of the *Mirror*, posted in the Hippodrome windows.

One last word on the subject. Mr. Houdini will receive the fairest of fair play at our representative's hands—that only the evil-minded have ever doubted. The contest is between American ingenuity and resourcefulness and the thoroughness of British workmanship.

May the best cause win.

poulterer for the first dish of the season, and the price he each year pays is one guinea per egg. At the beginning of the season this is not an out-of-the-way price to pay for plovers' eggs, and this year, in consequence of the exceedingly bad weather and a scarcity of eggs, prices are likely to range high.

As a rule the poulterer does not welcome the demand for plovers' eggs, for although high prices are paid for the luxuries the fact that the plover is very promiscuous in selecting a spot for laying its eggs makes it practically impossible to tell the age of an egg, and in buying quantities of the eggs bad bargains are often made.

YESTERDAY'S LAW AND POLICE.

DECEIVING SHAREHOLDERS.

Lenient Sentences on Officials of Showell's Brewery.

'Surprise was freely expressed at Birmingham Assizes yesterday at the comparative leniency of the sentences passed upon Charles Showell, formerly chairman and managing director of Showell's Brewery Co., and Frederick Richards, late secretary and manager, for falsifying the company's books and the balance-sheet issued to the shareholders. Mr. Justice Wills ordered Showell fifteen months' imprisonment and Richards to nine months, both in the second division.

The case was one which caused a great sensation when the facts first came to light, both the prisoners being well known throughout the Midlands. When they surrendered to their bail yesterday they pleaded guilty to the charge of conspiring to deceive the shareholders, but entered a plea of not guilty to other counts of the indictment. Mr. Matthews, who prosecuted on behalf of the Treasury, intimated that he was prepared to accept this plea, and the Judge concurred.

The amount of the falsification last year was £27,000, and counsel said that similar manipulations had been going on for ten years previously. The system was to give a fictitious value to stock by adding to the valuations of departmental managers.

It was pleaded in mitigation that the prisoners had sought only to maintain the credit of the company, and had not enriched themselves.

The Judge, in passing sentence, said that the most serious element in the case was that the prisoners had debauched the consciences of a number of subordinates.

HEAVY DIVORCE DAMAGES.

Doctor Awarded £1,250 Against a Former Friend.

Damages to the extent of £1,250 were awarded in the Divorce Court yesterday in an undefended case in which Dr. Archibald Houghton Brown, of Woking, obtained a decree nisi against his wife, on account of her misconduct with a friend, Mr. Harry Keep.

The parties were married in 1890. Dr. Brown, said counsel, had known Mr. H. Keep for many years, and in 1901, after some lapse of time, the acquaintance was renewed, as Mr. Keep was living at Woking, near Dr. Brown, with his family. The doctor had no suspicions of his wife's conduct till August, 1902.

In the following December the doctor found Mr. Keep in the road, he having met with an accident, and he immediately took him to his own house, where he tended him till he was sufficiently well to go to Hastings.

He noticed that his wife took this accident very much to heart, and that after Mr. Keep's departure she became very depressed. She went to Hastings to reconquer her health.

Dr. Brown last year discovered his wife had been living with Mr. Keep at an hotel at Folkestone, and that they had also been seen together in Tunbridge Wells.

This having been proved by several witnesses, a decree was granted with the custody of the three children.

COUNTESS'S FURNITURE.

Dispute Which Arose Over Its Storage.

In the King's Bench Division yesterday an action was heard to decide to whom a sum of money paid into court by the Countess de la Warr for storage of her furniture belonged.

In 1902 the Countess was changing her residence and required some furniture stored. She applied to Mr. Aldridge, in Brompton-road, and he arranged with Messrs. Taylor, warehousemen, to store it, receiving a commission.

The present action was taken by Messrs. Taylor against Mr. Barratt, the trustee in bankruptcy of Aldridge, to decide whether the goods were stored for the Countess or for Aldridge.

The Countess de la Warr, in giving evidence, stated that her family had dealt with Aldridge's for about eighty years. She employed Aldridge to store her furniture, and she knew nothing about Taylor's until later.

The jury found that Barratt as trustee for Aldridge was entitled to the money, and judgment was accordingly entered for Barratt.

WIFE'S THEATRE ALLOWANCE.

When the wife of Mr. Edward Charles S. Ellis, an official in the Comptroller's office of the Central Telegraph Department, sought a judicial separation at the South-Western Police Court yesterday, she alleged her husband had become intemperate. It was stated for the latter that the Post Office had no cause to complain of the way in which his duties were performed. Defendant admitted once getting drunk. That was at Christmas time, when on a visit to his mother-in-law. (Laughter.)

Wife's Counsel (to Mr. Ellis): You gave her sixpence once during several weeks and took away threepence? (Laughter.)

Mr. Ellis: She is extravagant. Why, I've given her 1s. 6d. and 2s. to go to a theatre. (Laughter.) The magistrate granted a separation.

On the resumption of the hearing in Mr. Justice Grantham's Court yesterday of the action brought by Mr. Johnston, a mining superintendent, to recover damages from the Frontino and Bolivia Gold Mining Co. for wrongful dismissal, it was announced that a settlement had been arrived at. The defendants withdrew all allegations as to the plaintiff having committed a breach of agreement, and agreed to pay him a sum in recompense for his dismissal.

DIVORCE SUIT'S SECRET HISTORY.

King's Proctor Tells a Sensational Story of Detectives' Endeavours to Prove a Husband's Guilt.

Very rarely has the Divorce Court been the scene of such sensational allegations as those that were made yesterday by one of the most important law officers of the Crown, Sir Edward Carson, the Solicitor-General.

Sir Edward appeared on behalf of the King's Proctor, the Earl of Desart, who is also Public Prosecutor, and, as is usual in the cases of intervention by the King's Proctor, he sought to prevent a decree nisi of divorce that had been pronounced from being made absolute.

The interest of the intervention was not derived from the social position of the husband and wife, who are comparatively unimportant people. It was what the Solicitor-General had to say about those who had the conduct of the case on behalf of the wife—about the solicitor for the wife, and about the private detective agency, Messrs. Slaters, who sought to get evidence in support of the wife's

Mr. George Tinsley. There was also a Mr. Henry, who appeared to be a partner in the firm.

Witnesses who might appear to the jury to be credible would say that this Mr. Henry suggested to Slaters that an attempt should be made to induce Mr. Pollard to commit adultery, in order that this adultery might be used as evidence against him in the divorce.

Some very remarkable documents were then read by the Solicitor-General. They were reports sent to Slaters by a detective named Cyril Smith, who was dispatched to Plymouth after other detectives from Slaters had failed.

Before these documents were read, however, an objection to them was made by Sir Edward Clarke, who, with Mr. Bagnave Deane, K.C., formed the very formidable pair of leaders of the array of counsel retained against the King's Proctor.

"You can say that they were stolen, if you like," retorted Sir Edward Carson, sharply; and Sir

and told him that a divorce suit was being brought against him by his wife.

On Mr. Pollard asking what evidence there was Mr. Osborn replied that a girl named Goodman had identified him from a photograph as having stayed with her. Mr. Osborn said that he had interviewed the girl himself.

The girl, added the Solicitor-General, would be called, and would say that she had never committed herself with Mr. Pollard.

The Fair Petitioner.

During the Solicitor-General's opening statement Mrs. Pollard, neatly dressed in a smartly cut blue costume, sat with another fashionably attired lady at the solicitors' table, near Mr. Deane and Sir Edward Clarke. Mrs. Pollard is a young lady with pale, refined features of considerable pretensions to beauty. She looked thoroughly self-possessed, but followed what was being said with anxious attention. Occasionally she turned to her companion, and little expressive glances were exchanged.

The first and only witness of the day was Mr. Cartwright, who, since he left Slaters's service recently, has been in practice as a private detective, in partnership with a Mr. Simmonds, in Basinghall-street.

He said, in answer to Sir Edward Carson, that he had been in Slaters's employment for eight years as a cashier. He also received reports and sent the men out on their work. Mr. Henry Slater was his chief, and he (Mr. Cartwright) used to write summaries of the detectives' doings to that gentleman at various addresses, for Mr. Slater was sometimes living at Brighton, sometimes at Epsom, sometimes in Wiltshire, and sometimes in London.

Mr. Osborn very often came to the office and chatted with the partners. Nearly everybody in the office had two names. For instance, he himself was known as Wright, as well as Cartwright, and Mr. Bray was sometimes called Mr. Tracy.

Nine "Watchers."

On instructions taken from a shorthand note written by Mr. Henry, which he (Mr. Cartwright) took away with him from Slaters's along with the reports of Mr. Cyril Smith (received by Mr. Cartwright), nine detectives went to Plymouth to watch "a tallish, dark man." The tallish, dark man, Mr. Pollard, lived at Headlands Park.

In one of the detectives' reports it was mentioned that Mr. Pollard's mother used to take his breakfast to him in bed. There was an elderly maiden lady living in the house, and the detective said that he had asked a servant whether there was anything between this elderly lady and "Thomas" (Mr. Pollard).

At this point one of the few outbursts of laughter of the day took place.

Mr. Cartwright, continuing his story, said that Mr. Henry was very upset when he heard that the Treasury was going to prosecute, but he remarked that "it would be all right." "If," he added, "Mr. Osborn is fool enough to go down to get loose women to make false statements that is his look-out. If anything happens we can put it on to him."

Mr. Henry told Bray, when the latter said he did not think a young woman could identify Pollard, "Never mind; she has got to."

Sir Edward Clarke directed his cross-examination to the manner in which Mr. Cartwright got possession of the documents which he brought away from Slaters's.

"Stealing" the Documents.

"Why did you steal them?" he asked several times.

Mr. Cartwright explained that they were lying in his drawer and he brought them away, more or less accidentally, with his own papers.

He also denied that he had boasted that "after he had smashed Slaters's, he would occupy the top place in the advertising columns in the newspapers."

The afternoon's sitting concluded with another remarkable incident. To the surprise of the Court, Sir Edward Carson, reading from Slaters's account book, said that the total sum expended by the agency on the Pollard case between September, 1901, and March, 1904, was £2,290.

After this the Court adjourned.

DREADED BANKRUPTCY.

Alfred James Spooner, a Clerkenwell valuer and house agent, committed suicide in his office by shooting himself with a revolver.

At the inquest yesterday two pathetic letters which he left were read. To his daughter he wrote:—"If anything happens to me you insist upon your poor, unhappy mother coming to you. Sell all off and pay the rent, and the remainder keep for ma's benefit.—Your broken-hearted Dad."

Addressed to a business friend was the following:—"I am about to go and account for myself to the Master of the Universe. . . . I had no intention of being dishonest; it is sheer bad luck and illness that has caused all the trouble. If my creditors had been a bit lenient they would have been paid, but they show no mercy."

Spooner may have attended the Bankruptcy Court on Monday.

STOP-WATCHES ON TRIAL IN COURT.

A stop-watch test, which took place at West London yesterday, furnished a curious scene. Two constables stood on each side of the court, and one at the rear, the "timing" being done by a solicitor seated at the table.

When all was ready the officer at the rear produced a handkerchief, which he waved. Presently the solicitor called out "stop," and the click of the stop watches was heard. The time under notice was eighteen seconds, and upon the notice the learned referee declared there was at least one second's difference between the two records.

The incident arose out of a charge of driving a motor-car at excessive speed, the motorist challenging the police evidence.



A little matter of furniture brought the Countess de la Warr into the King's Bench Division yesterday. Having given her evidence, thus enabling a jury to decide a question at issue between two furniture storage firms, she swept regally out of the court-room again.

case—that caused the Divorce Court to be crowded in the manner of a "cause célèbre."

Put briefly, what the Solicitor-General had to urge was that a man who was in the receipt of 10s. a week as his sole support was divorced from his wife by an unjust suit on collecting evidence for which Messrs. Slaters had spent over £2,000 in two-and-a-half years.

In preparing the way for his indictment of Messrs. Slaters, the Solicitor-General first sketched the seemingly very ordinary divorce case that gave rise to such strange developments.

Kate Pollard, he said, obtained a divorce from her husband, Thomas Pollard, before Mr. Justice Baines, in 1902. She had been living separated from him for some time, and had been allowing him 10s. a week while he stayed with his parents at Plymouth. Mr. Pollard had previously made over all his small property to her, so she made him the meagre allowance.

Of the 10s. he had to pay 7s. 6d. for his keep; therefore his pocket-money only amounted to 2s. 6d. a week.

Solicitor's Telephone to Slaters's.

The evidence on which the divorce was obtained was that of a Plymouth girl named Maude Goodman and a detective named Bray—with regard to identification only—employed by Slaters' Agency. Bray was only one of very many detectives that Messrs. Slaters had employed on the case.

Having pointed out that the evidence by which the decree was obtained was worthless, the Solicitor-General proceeded to the important part of his statement. Mrs. Pollard's solicitor, he said, was a Mr. Osborn, of the firm of Messrs. Osborn and Osborn. This firm had been associated with Slaters in many divorce cases, and so intimate was the association between them that there was a private telephone connecting their respective offices.

Whether it was Slaters who employed Messrs. Osborn, or Messrs. Osborn who employed Slaters was one of the things that the present case might be expected to reveal.

There was some doubt, continued the Solicitor-General, about who was chief of Slaters. There was a Mr. Henry Slater, who also passed under the names of Captain Brown, Captain Scott, and

Edward Clarke contented himself with a single ejaculation, "Oh!"

There were four reports, the last of which, as the Solicitor-General pointed out, was the most important. The first three described how Mr. Cyril Smith endeavoured to make the acquaintance of Mr. Pollard, but was at first thwarted because the latter did not go in to a private-house to drink, and "looked morose and downcast."

An Expensive Errand.

Mr. Smith also complained that all the outlay for drinks, when he succeeded in making friends with Mr. Pollard, would have to be made by Mr. Smith himself, as Mr. Pollard had not got more than half-a-crown a week.

In the last report Mr. Smith said that he was in hopes of obtaining his object. But he wanted 28 to carry it out. He was going to meet two smart girls, whom he had mentioned before, and, with Mr. Pollard, take them to the theatre and to supper. Mr. Pollard had been through the mill, so that no ordinary loose woman would do for his society. The matter was, therefore, expensive. Spending money on it was like pouring water into a sieve.

After reading these extraordinary reports, the Solicitor-General said that, in justice to everybody, he ought to mention that Mr. Pollard had no recollection of meeting Smith. "But what," he continued, "is the situation of a detective agency that allows its representative to send such a report as that?"

"Too Dangerous."

After Mr. Smith had finished with Mr. Pollard, another man from Slaters, named Davis, took him in hand. This man introduced himself as an old friend, explained Sir Edward, and induced Pollard to accompany him to St. Heliers, in Jersey. Here the detective, it appeared, made Mr. Pollard drunk, and took him to a house where there were two women. The agency, however, decided not to use this "evidence," as being "too dangerous."

Another effort was made at Plymouth, and Mr. Osborn himself went down to that town to see what evidence could be obtained. Mr. Osborn ultimately met Mr. Pollard at the Grand Hotel,

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. TO-NIGHT, at 9.
JOSEPH ENTANGLED. By Henry Arthur Jones.
Proceeds at 8.20, by THE WIDOW WOOS.
MATINEE every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
Proprietor and Manager, Mr. T. H. J.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
THE DARLING OF THE GODS.
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.
MATINEE every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily 10 to 10.

IMPERIAL THEATRE, Westminster.
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The Daily Illustrated Mirror.

THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1904.

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"NO INFORMATION."

Has Mr. Balfour tired at last of the ingratitude of his Party? The "Times" yesterday gave a significant hint of his feelings after the snap division on Tuesday.

No party leader (it said) cares to accept too many small annoyances, and if they (the Unionist rank and file) do not think it worth while to support Mr. Balfour in an adequate manner, they may find when they least desire it that he does not think it worth while to postpone their appeals to constituencies.

And in the House yesterday afternoon a good deal of comment was passed upon the failure of the attempts to get the Prime Minister to outline the course of future business. He would not name any date for the beginning of the Easter recess. He was unable to say when the Licensing Bill would be introduced. The date for the Budget was also left quite open. It looks as if those recalcitrant Unionists who are of no use except for voting purposes, and who decline even to vote regularly, would find themselves face to face with their constituents sooner than they wish.

UNDESERVED REPROACH.

It is by no means surprising that the curious remark made during the hearing of the De Lisle case by Sir Francis Jeune, the President of the Divorce Court, should have moved correspondents to write to us in some indignation. What Sir Francis Jeune said was that the Marquis de Lisle, who admitted that he had misconducted himself before marriage, was in all probability no better and no worse

than the great majority of unmarried men. Even if it were true (which we do not for a moment believe it to be) that the great majority of young men do misconduct themselves, it would still be most unwise for a Judge upon the bench to comment upon the fact in the manner of Sir Francis Jeune.

Thousands of young men, living clean lives and fighting with all their might against the temptations of a great city, must have felt when they read his words that it was fruitless to continue the struggle. "If the great majority," they may well have said to themselves, "indulge their worse instincts, it stands to reason these instincts must be too strong for me to overcome. I will endeavour to overcome them no longer." This, of course, would be the argument of a weak nature, but strength of character is not too common among young men. Such a line of reasoning would at any rate be not unnatural.

If the President's view were correct, we should be justly reproached by other nations with hypocrisy. All our social arrangements are based upon the assumption that clean living is not the exception, but the rule. We make it our boast that "legalised vice" has no existence in this country, whatever the case may be abroad. No doubt Sir Francis Jeune, listening day after day, and year after year, to stories which show the natures of men and women at their worst, is inclined to take a gloomy view of the morality of the mass of people. But we cannot help thinking that even he will admit his generalisation to be too sweeping when its full effect is pointed out to him.

BREAKFAST TABLE TALK.

The will of an elephant trainer has been proved at over £17,000. Part of the money is understood to be invested in Grand Trunks.

General Kuropatkin has declared that Port Arthur must be held at all costs. The Japanese quite agree with him, for it is expected that they will shortly land troops with that object in view.

No surprise need be felt at the calm courage with which Kubelik faced the howling anti-Czech mob in an Austrian concert room. His experience with fashionable audiences in St. James's Hall has been such that a mere riot has no terrors for him.

Why is it that whenever a young man shoots a young woman or cuts her throat our con-

temporaries always persist in calling the affair a "love tragedy"? On a close inspection it will be perceived that there is as little love about it as there well could be.

Dr. Dowie has been telling the reporters in Sydney that there were 10,000 residents in Zion City, and that there was "not one dissatisfied person among them." If that be true things have changed since Dowie was there. It certainly speaks well for the absent treatment.

The neutrality of the Chinese Court has been reasserted by the Dowager-Empress in reply to a note from St. Petersburg. What the Russians are doubtful about, however, is the neutrality of the Chinese generals. There is such a tremendous lot of initiative about the latter that mere edicts from Peking do not amount to much.

A Boston inventor, prevented by the infirmities of age from signing his name, uses a rubber stamp, alongside of which he puts an impression of his thumb. In this country bank-notes which have been long in circulation are frequently covered with bankers' rubber stamp impressions and the thumb-marks of depositors and others.

Overheard in the bus opposite the Strathpaine monument at Knightsbridge:

"Ma!"
"Well?"
"Ma, 'oo's the man on the 'orse?"
"Man on a 'orse? Jook o' Wellington, my dear, sure to be the Jook o' Wellington. But (severely) you shouldn't say 'man on a 'orse,' you should say 'gentleman on a 'orse!'"

"This sheet," says a contemporary, writing of a memorial certificate designed by the Kaiser, "is said to be a work of art." In Germany such an excess of caution would probably mean the prosecution of the offending editor for lese majesté. The paragraph might almost have been headed, "Alleged Artistic Triumph by an Emperor."

The incident related by a contemporary, where the police called a doctor out of bed to attend to a constable who had fallen through the doctor's skylight while chasing imaginary burglars, and then brought the unfortunate man out of bed again half an hour later to ask him what was his Christian name, reminds us of an equally remarkable display of sagacity on the part of a constable near Richmond. Having arrested a drunken woman who had broken the windows of a private house, he insisted on the lady of the house, who was rather upset by the occurrence, accompanying him to the police station, over a mile away. When she arrived there she was asked for her name and address.

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.



Last night the House of Commons discussed the Woman's Suffrage resolution which for days past has been filling the lobby with excited feminine politicians. These ladies make no secret of their intention, if they get votes, to demand seats in Parliament also, supposing they can get electors to return them. Is this the kind of scene that the House will present in a few years' time?

A WIFE'S AWAKENING.

The Play Which the Censor Would Not Allow to be Performed in Public.

MONNA VANNA. By Maurice Maeterlinck, translated by Alfred Sutro. (George Allen. 3s. 6d. net.)

The statement that the Censor of Plays has refused to license several French pieces which were to have been acted at the Avenue Theatre comes hard upon the publication of the drama by Maeterlinck, which was also forbidden by Mr. Redford (and yet acted privately in spite of the prohibition), admirably translated into English by Mr. Alfred Sutro. It tells the story of Prinzevalle, a fifteenth-century soldier, who has all his life loved afar off a woman with whom he once played as a child. Always he is seeking the chance to find her again, and at last it comes when he is sent to besiege Pisa, for Monna Vanna is the wife of the commander of the Pisan forces.

He sets to work to starve the town out, and when it is almost at its last gasp he sends word that if Prinzevalle's tent, he tells her all, and the time passes quickly as they recall scenes and days of their childhood. Then of a sudden messengers rush in to say that Prinzevalle has been denounced as a traitor, and that his only safety lies in instant flight. "Come with me back to Pisa," cries Vanna.

Monna Vanna makes up her mind to save her fellow-townsmen in spite of her husband's entreaties and reproaches, and at nightfall sets off for the enemy's camp. As soon as she arrives at Prinzevalle's tent, he tells her all, and the time passes quickly as they recall scenes and days of their childhood. Then of a sudden messengers rush in to say that Prinzevalle has been denounced as a traitor, and that his only safety lies in instant flight. "Come with me back to Pisa," cries Vanna.

So they set off to Pisa, and there Vanna finds her husband in a state almost of madness. At first he believes that Vanna has brought Prinzevalle back in order to be revenged upon him. But this idea, which pleases him vastly, is dispelled by his wife's declaration that she comes back unharmed. "I was in this man's power. I had been handed over to him. He did not come near me, he did not touch me. I come from his tent as from the home of a brother."

This, however, Vanna's husband cannot believe. He is a man of coarse mind and ignoble imagination, and he declares that such a story is incredible. So Vanna, in order to save Prinzevalle is compelled to fall in with the idea that she brought him back to take vengeance upon him.

"Give me cords, give me chains and irons," she cries. "Now that I dare speak out my hatred, it is I who shall bind him, I who brought him here." But her love for her husband has been killed by the revelation of his brutal nature, and she whispers to Prinzevalle, as she secures his hands, "I belong to you, I love you! I love you, my Giansello! I put these chains on you, but I shall guard you and free you. We two shall fly together."

And there the play ends. Whether they got safely away and lived happily ever afterwards we are not told.

THE GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF "THE DAILY ILL

IN LONDON FOR THREE YEARS.

THE CHARM OF WOMANHOOD.



America has sent us, by way of Paris, Miss Marion Winchester, a toe and cake-walk dancer, who is now appearing at the Palace Theatre. As Mr. George Edwardes, an acknowledged authority in such matters, has engaged her for the next three years, London may expect to see a good deal of this lady, who is reputed the best dressed woman on the American or English vaudeville stage.

VICTIM OF RACE HATRED.



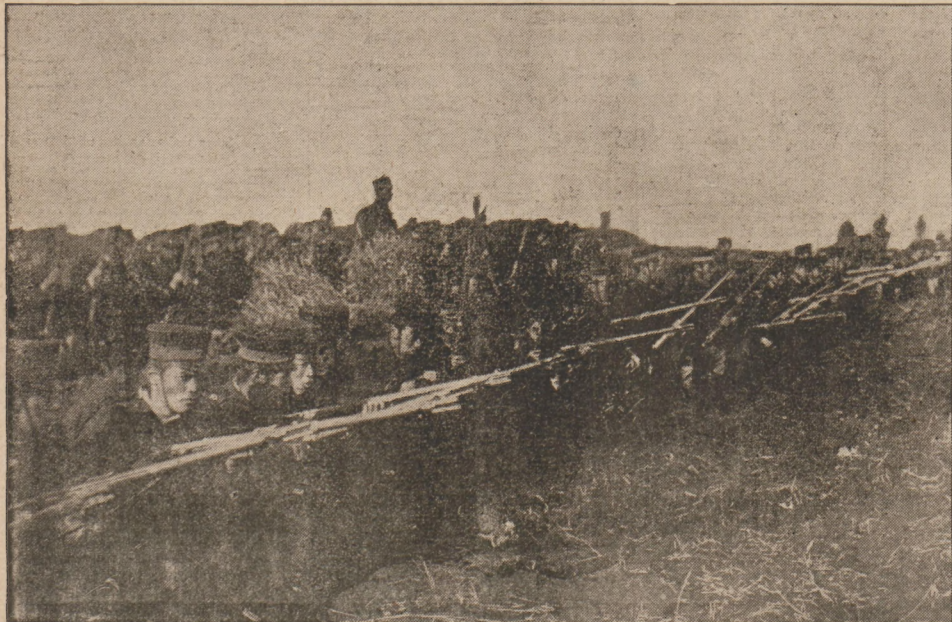
Jan Rubell, the famous young Bohemian violinist, who has often been overwhelmed by the warmth of enthusiastic audiences, was on Tuesday night at Linz, Upper Austria, made the victim of a concerted attack, by a howling mob of Germans, who betrayed their national love of music by driving him from the platform with missiles. Anti-Czech feeling was at the bottom of the trouble. (Photo) [Lillis & Walery.



All playgoers recognise in Miss Miriam Clements one of the most beautiful women on the English stage.

(Photo—Fellows Wilson, 57, Bedford-gardens, Kensington.

JAPAN'S THIN YELLOW LINE.



These plucky little Japanese infantry men have been caught by the photographer at their daily work. We shall soon hear that their practice in the field has been turned to good account in a desperate attack on Russia's first line of defence in Manchuria, where, according to General Kutropatkin, 300,000 men are now under arms. Many of these men are veterans of the China war. They all look extremely business-like.

A PATHETIC EXIT FROM LIFE'S STAGE.



"I shall not live to see the 1,000th performance," was the sad prophecy of Mr. E. Boyd-Jones, who was taken ill with pleurisy last Wednesday after playing his part of the Lord Chancellor for the 988th consecutive time in "A Chinese Honeymoon." On Monday he died at the early age of thirty-four. He will be missed by thousands of play-goers, but most of all by his merry companions at the little theatre in the Strand.

(Photo by Langfieri,

"ILLUSTRATED MIRROR" EXCEEDS 140,000 COPIES PER DAY.

MEDAL COMMEMORATES A FORGERY.

Last year the forged tiara of Saitaphernes, which deceived the connoisseurs of the Louvre, furnished matter for nine days' talk. It transpired, it will be remembered, that the exquisite workmanship of

with picturesque humour the story of the famous tiara.

On one side is seen Saitaphernes issuing from his tomb, his beaming features crowned with the tiara; on the other the monarch weeps discomfited, while a band of baby sprites dance triumphantly behind

LONDON WAS SPARED THIS RAILWAY.



While the Traffic Commission is still listening to schemes for the relief of London's congested streets, it is interesting to recall the fact that fifty years ago Mr. W. J. Curtis, an engineer, drew up this scheme for elevated railways in London. New York then adopted what London was fortunate in escaping. The idea was revived at a recent meeting of the Commission, when Mr. Behr, of mono-rail fame, suggested a single-rail elevated road for the Thames Embankment.

the golden cap was from the hands of an obscure Russian artist—one Roukhomowski. The excitement over the imitation once subsided, the very name of the clever engraver was forgotten. It has been again brought into prominence by Roukhomowski's latest work, a medallion commemorating

him, one dragging on the ground the dishonoured tiara at the end of a string.

Mr. Sloan, M.P., keeps a sharp eye on the doings of the Irish Constabulary. He wants to know if Constable Gilbride, of the R.I.C., distri-

CARRYING A WARNING OF DEATH.



Great destruction has been wrought in the Russo-Japanese war by the deadly torpedo. Even greater has been the moral effect upon the naval combatants, each being aware that the other is well armed with this terrible weapon. Clearly seen by the eye at the moment of launching, the torpedo thereafter goes silently but surely to the mark, regulating, by its own delicate interior mechanism, the distance at which it keeps below the surface.

[Photo]

[West & Son.

the "Adventures of the Tiara of Saitaphernes," which he contributed to a tombola held the other day in the cause of Parisian charity. The medallion, which is of finely-wrought bronze, represents

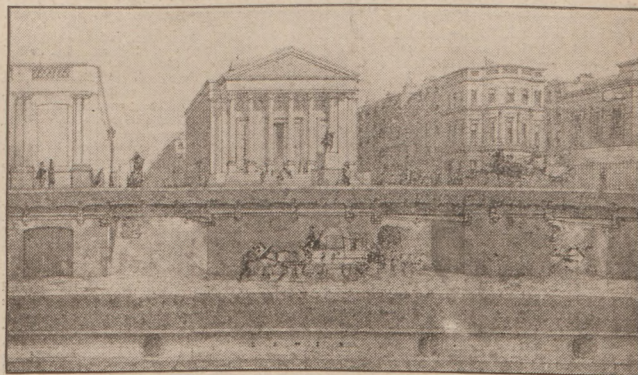
butes to Protestant members of the force Roman Catholic emblems and literature, and what action it is proposed to take to prevent interference with the religious opinions of policemen]

ACTRESS AND SINGER TOO.



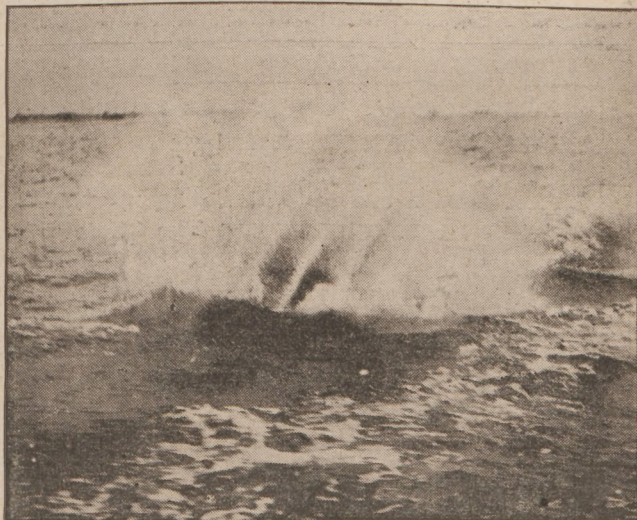
Miss Ella Anderson, who is delighting the provinces as the Baroness Pitcholi in "The Flood Tide," is a lady of many accomplishments. She has a fine stage presence, a charming manner, acts well, and has sung in grand opera.

TRAFFIC SUGGESTIONS FIFTY YEARS AGO.



Mr. Curtis, who suggested elevated railways for London half a century ago, also drew up this plan, believing that subterranean roads for heavy traffic would solve the congestion problem at the Bank crossing. To-day smaller passenger subways, leading to the Twopenny Tube, occupy the space shown in this curious old engraving.

THE PARTING KICK OF THE TORPEDO.



With a splash the torpedo disappears from view beneath the waves. If properly launched it carries sure disablement or destruction. Two Russian battleships and one cruiser disabled was the record made by Admiral Togo in the first torpedo attack on Port Arthur.

[Photo]

[West & Son.

AT A MAN'S MERCY. By META SIMMINS.

Author of "The Bishop's Wife," &c.

"Love's rosy bonds to iron shackles turned
Are worse than red-eyed hate."

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

CYNTHIA GRAHAM: Just a pretty, lovable, English girl.
ARTHUR STANTON: A young man in love with Cynthia Graham.
FABIAN GRISWOLD: The millionaire lover of Cynthia.
SIR GEORGE GRAHAM: Father of Cynthia and Pauline Woodruffe.
PAULINE WOODRUFFE: The beautiful wife of John Woodruffe. She fears her husband owing to her secret marriage with Miles Farniole.
JOHN WOODRUFFE: Husband of Pauline. A man who loves his wife because she is beautiful.
OSWALD DRUMMOND: A very rich connoisseur of precious stones. Cynthia's uncle, who has been mysteriously murdered.
MILES FARNIOLE: A scoundrel who has gone through a mock marriage with Pauline years ago.
INSPECTOR WRIGHT: Detective, interested in the Drummond murder case.

CHAPTER XXIV. Who the Man Was.

It takes an astute and courageous man to admit himself in the wrong in a matter upon which he has previously prided himself. "Only a man of genius, or a master of intrigue," says Balzac, "ever says to himself, 'I was to blame.'"

Inspector Wright was neither the one nor the other, but he certainly had courage, and—facing the matter of the Berkeley-square murder fairly and openly—he acknowledged to himself that the premises upon which he had argued the guilt of Arthur Stanton were entirely false.

The connection between Miles Farniole, the escaped prisoner, and Mrs. Woodruffe, was vague and shadowy, yet not to be doubted. That she was the writer of at least one of the anonymous letters was an absolute certainty.

When Cynthia had sent for him on the day of Arthur Stanton's acquittal on the charge of theft, she had openly and frankly told him the whole story, describing what she had seen, how she had taxed Stanton with his presence in the library, his denial, and her subsequent letter to him. She was kept back by no false pride. Pauline had changed towards her in some inscrutable way, hating, so it seemed, the very mention of the mystery, and the girl, racked with fear, feeling the necessity for some one upon whom to lean, had chosen to make her appeal to the detective, whom she believed to be entirely honest.

When, therefore, hard and fast upon the heels of the sensation caused by the escape of Miles Farniole had come the sensation which the papers called "The Missing Barrister Case," Wright jumped at once to the conclusion, led by a womanish intuition, that Arthur Stanton had not committed suicide, as the Press and the police seemed to think, but had been the victim of foul play.

The theory that he had gone into hiding to escape detection was untenable. He had left his house without, so far as could be discovered, any money in his possession. His private papers lay open and scattered about his room, his clothes were undisturbed; everything pointed to his intended and speedy return. Yet from the moment when Mrs. Townsend, the caretaker, had heard him go whistling down the stairs no word or news of the young man had been received.

The evidence of this woman was remarkable. She favoured the idea that her lodger had gone off his head through the annoyance and worry caused by the unjust accusation against him. She told some incoherent tale of how he had caught her round the waist and tried to kiss her, saying he was a coo and could throw thunderbolts about. Further questioning elicited the fact that for a day or two Mr. Stanton's disappearance had caused

her no surprise, because for the last few months his comings and goings had been singularly erratic. "Not but," she said, emphatically, "that the young gentleman give notice usually. But it's my belief he clean went off his head. You're his murderer, you are," she said, accusingly, to Wright; it's my opinion you've killed the young gentleman at the bottom of the Thames."

Strangely enough, some singular feminine reticence sealed her tongue with regard to the visits of the ladies. "Safer not," she said to the cat, in the sanctuary of the basement. "E might come back, and men will be men to the head of the chapter."

Denied all entrance to the house in Stanhope-street, Wright was driven to make appointments with Miss Graham, out of doors, usually by the Round Pond in Kensington.

The first interview, after the fact of Arthur's disappearance had been seriously discussed in the Press, was painful to a degree, yet the detective could not but admire the courage of the girl under circumstances which might well have broken down a stronger spirit for a moment.

Cynthia, distracted with grief, showed a superb dignity, and in her sorrow rose above a woman's weakness, casting aside, in this moment of dire necessity, the cherished reserve of her sex.

"It is a cruel and cowardly lie," she cried, scornfully, "Mr. Stanton would never commit suicide. No one who knew him could entertain such a thought for a moment."

The detective looked out over the water, intensely blue beneath the high, arched sky.

"In a moment of madness, Miss Graham, men have done weaker things."

"He did not," she said, with conviction, "Mr. Stanton did not commit suicide—he fully intended to visit me the following morning—he wrote to me. Here is the letter."

The inspector read it with a feeling of shame, and handed it back silently to the girl.

"What do you think?" she demanded. Her face was white and drawn, and her eyes were bright with the brilliance of fever, which was not beautiful.

The inspector drew a line in the soft dust with the tip of his stick. "It's my belief, Miss Graham, that Mr. Stanton is the victim of a conspiracy. It's a case of either kidnapping or foul play."

He heard the girl beside him give a quick, throbbing gasp. "Foul play?"

"Not necessarily," he amended. "I hope not. Someone was anxious to get him out of the way, just as someone was anxious to throw suspicion of murder upon him. Have you any reason to suppose he had an enemy? Was there—only I pardon the question—was there anyone who would envy him the good fortune of being a successful suitor?"

"Mr. Griswold certainly wished to marry me," she said, "but—"

"Ah," interpreted Wright, with quiet and intense satisfaction. "Mr. Griswold was a good friend of Mr. Stanton's, of course—lived in the same house—"

"Oh, no, they did not know each other," she interrupted, quickly. "Mr. Griswold, you remember, lived there under another name, he was not aware that Mr. Stanton was his fellow-lodger."

The detective gave a sudden and shrill whistle, blushed painfully, and begged his companion's pardon.

"It's only that I am the worst of fools," he said, in answer to her look of wonderment. "It's only the wise man who takes particular notice of the obvious. Doesn't it strike you as strange that Mr. Griswold should never have noticed the fact that the name 'Mr. Arthur Stanton' is painted up, in good, black capitals, upon the entrance wall to the chambers, and on the door itself? Lord, what

fools we are—the oddity of it occurred to no one—not to the magistrate—not even to me," he added, with a naive assumption of omniscience.

"The fact," she burst out impetuously, and as suddenly checked the flow of her words, for before her eyes had flashed a remembrance of a scene upon which she had come in the drawing-room in Stanhope-street, where Fabian Griswold had moved her sister, Pauline, to her by no means facile tears by his championship of "the young chap, Stoddard," old Dr. Stanton's ewe lamb, don't you know?"

He waited patiently for her to resume the sentence, and as he waited his brain was busy. It was a chance, a far-fetched chance, perhaps, but still a conceivable one, that Mr. Fabian Griswold at least knew something of the chain of events which had resulted in Arthur Stanton's disappearance.

"Mr. Griswold a friend of Mrs. Woodruffe's," he asked suddenly.

Cynthia, who was staring out straight in front of her, with fixed eyes which saw nothing of the present scene, answered him sharply. "Oh, no—Mr. Griswold is not a friend of ours." She looked at the detective with a startled brow. "What you say is quite untrue," she said. "It struck me at the time as singular to a degree, the evidence he gave at the police court that day—now it is infinitely stranger. Mr. Wright," she paused, and a look of positive cruelty crossed her face, "I am convinced that Mr. Griswold knows something about it. I feel certain that he was the writer of those anonymous letters."

Wright shook his head decidedly. An opportunity for which he had longed had presented itself. "I agree with you so far," he admitted cautiously. "But he did not write the letters. Those, Miss Graham, were written by a woman."

"A woman?"

"A woman you know very well. I am afraid I am going to tell you something that will hurt you, but something, nevertheless, that it's necessary for you to know." He looked away that he might not see the pain and apprehension which sprang into her eyes. "One at any rate of those letters was written by your sister."

"It's unpleasant, but true," he said, without any preamble. "It's no surmise, believe me. I taxed Mrs. Woodruffe with it, and I know."

"I don't believe you," she cried, passionately. "It's monstrous—how dare you insinuate such a thing?"

"Now, don't be angry, please," he said, pleadingly. "I know you wouldn't like it. Who would? And there's something more—the explanation of it, perhaps—which is very terrible from one point of view, and yet makes her conduct towards you at least conceivable—Mrs. Woodruffe apparently has an intimate acquaintance with Mrs. Miles Farniole, who is at present at large. She visited him at the police court, and has been in communication ever since with his solicitors. It seems to me that by writing that note she hoped to draw a red herring across the trail, and by casting suspicion on another man secure the acquittal of Mr. Farniole."

Cynthia, too horror-stricken to speak, met the benevolent glance of the detective's pale eyes in absolute silence. Even as he had spoken a flood of horrible thoughts had surged through her mind—

"A strange, strange alienation from her, that statement that Farniole's solicitors were aware of the fact that Arthur had been present at the scene of the murder, a hundred vague, unformulated suspicions, which gradually cohered into one menacing whole."

"I am aware that Mrs. Woodruffe visited Mr. Farniole," she said, faintly. "She told me so herself. In the old days she knew him well—"

"We are, as you know, related, and before he went abroad Mr. Farniole was a very frequent visitor at our house."

"Mr. Farniole must surely have changed very much since those days," said Wright, tentatively. "I am sorry to have to say to you, Miss Graham, that Farniole is not guilty—Mr. Farniole has a bad record. I've known him now for many years, not under his own name, it is true—but the same man, beyond any manner of doubt, and it surprises me that a lady of Mrs. Woodruffe's intelligence should care to be mixed up with a skunkish fellow like that."

Mrs. Woodruffe is not mixed up with anyone, Mr. Wright," Cynthia's voice was hard, her glance glacial. "I am certain you are mistaken in the whole matter. My sister is devoted to me—it is impossible that she would try to harm me in any way. The idea is ridiculous—women of honour do not write anonymous letters."

Her tone was unconvincing, even in her own ears, and her heart was as lead within her.

Wright stood up. "I am sorry, more sorry than I have the words to tell you," he said, sincerely, "but I thought it best for you to know—so that you may be on your guard. In a matter of life and death, such as this is, plain speaking is a necessity—Mrs. Woodruffe wrote the letter—she might do worse—it's hard to prophesy what a woman will do in a case where—where her interests are very nearly concerned—no—you are angry and hurt, of course, well, I am sorry. I seem insolent, no doubt, but it is my opinion that Mrs. Woodruffe has a secret—a secret connected with the man Farniole, and one, moreover, she is unconsciously anxious to keep from her husband."

"Oh, this is intolerable," Mr. Wright," cried Cynthia, warmly. "How dare you cast such unwarranted suspicion upon my sister—" She broke off with a magnificent assumption of sisterly indignation, but tears smarted very near the corners of her eyes, and her voice was hardly under her control.

"I apologise if anything I have said is proved untrue," he replied, "but it would be wise to be on your guard, wouldn't it? Remember—after all the interest is not entirely personal."

The man spoke so quietly, there was something so mild in the glance of his eyes, that Cynthia, remembering only the sudden keenness which fretted the night when, as by torture, he had dragged unwilling admissions from her, turned to him with swift compunction.

"You are only doing your duty, of course," she said, "but Mrs. Woodruffe is my sister—"

She broke off, the tears were welling over her eyelids.

He saw her emotion and respected it, and turned

the talk to the hope he had of giving her, very soon, good news.

"I have a singular feeling that before long I shall have news of Mr. Stanton," he said. "I do not believe that he is dead. If we could only discover what the secret he declared himself unable honourably to disclose to you was, I believe we should have a very important clue to follow up. Mr. Griswold might be actuated by something else as well as jealousy. Perhaps there is more than we were inclined to think of at the moment. But in the meantime don't speak of him. It would be wiser, I think, to keep these meetings secret."

With this advice the detective left her, and Cynthia turned to go home.

The journey across the Park was a nightmare to the girl. The joyous voices of the children, as they frolicked in the spring sunshine, jarred on her with intolerable pain. Her world was seething in the throes of moral revolution—could the material world roll on unmoved?

For the moment her lover was almost forgotten in the anguish of the thought that Pauline, whom she had worshipped, had proved traitor to her. In vain she told herself that the man she loved, Inspector Wright was a vile calumniator; within her, insistent, not to be stilled, a voice cried out: "True, true, true!"

Suddenly as she walked she became aware that a foot kept step with hers. She glanced sideways, and saw that slightly behind her in unpleasant proximity was a man of the most pronounced park-loafer-type. He smiled insinuatingly at her with a sensation of mingled fear and disgust the girl quickened her steps; so did the man.

"Miss Graham," he said, raising his hat, "you don't know me, I am afraid."

Cynthia, whose pace was undignifiedly near a run, hesitated, and looked more closely at her accoster.

He was a tall man, well built except that one shoulder curved very slightly, a red beard, trimly naval, concealed the lower part of his face, and the hair he had uncovered in raising his hat was redder still, wavy and luxuriant. Certainly she did not know him.

"I think you have made a mistake," she said stiffly. "I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance." Yet there was a certain hesitancy in her voice, for a vague, wild hope had flashed through her that the man might know something of her absent lover.

"Oh, yes, you know me very well indeed," he said. "It is merely a lapse of memory on your part, we have not met for some years. May we walk on, while I explain? I have particular and urgent reasons for not wishing to attract undue attention to myself."

"Who are you?" she asked sharply. "I am sure that I do not know you."

"The man's face changed. 'Before I tell you my name,' he said, 'you must promise—' he cut his sentence short with a laugh, and for a moment Cynthia feared that he was mad. 'I don't think it is necessary for you to promise,' he concluded. 'I trust to your honour. I am Miles Farniole.'"

To be continued to-morrow.

"A LIFE FOR A LOVE."

A THRILLING ROMANCE

BY

MRS. L. T. MEADE,

STARTS IN TOMORROW'S

"Illustrated Mail."

A PICTURE JOURNAL WITH THE WEEK'S NEWS IN PHOTOGRAPHS.

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For 15, Mr. WILDE will send a Reading of the Stars. For 15, Mr. WILDE, and many other prominent gentlemen have testified to the accuracy of their forecasts. Send the exact or approximate hour of your birth (if possible), date, year, and place with your name and address. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Life or Death

The Master of all Diseases is

NO CASE Acute or Chronic, is hopeless

OXYDONOR

Cut out and keep this advertisement for future reference—you are certain to need it some day.

The Choice is yours

THE OXYDONOR is the most useful of all recent scientific discoveries and the most practical. This instrument when attached causes the body to attract and absorb increased supplies of natural oxygen from the air. This raises the blood and stimulates every organ to such increased energy as to at once check the process of disease, and the vigorous vitality or produced enables the blood to free itself of all impurities and disease germs without resort to medicine or doctors. The cure is entirely a natural process; the extra supply of oxygen having cleaned the system the purified blood is enabled, by its increased vigor, to eliminate through the organs such germs as form the roots of disease or directly cause it. This explains why THE OXYDONOR is effective in nearly every disease IF APPLIED AT A REASONABLY CURABLE STAGE. It is not the instrument itself that cures but the oxygen attracted to the body by its aid. In acute fevers its action is noticeable in from 10 to 40 minutes, and no danger need be feared when once the Oxydonor has been applied. Oxydonor has been fully and successfully tested in all diseases. Write at once for full information and Dr. H. Sanche's books sent free from—

H. Sanche & Co., Dept. G II, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

PITIFUL LOT OF THE BABY SLAVES OF LONDON.

Among the Poor Even Children of Three are Compelled to be Wage-Earners.

There seems at last a prospect that the cry of the baby slaves of England, which has been waiving its way to Heaven, just striking on a human ear now and then in its passage, will really meet a more or less adequate and practical comforting through the working of the new Act for the better regulation of the working for profit of children of school age.

The statutory clauses of the Act are few and simple, mainly declaring that no child under four shall be employed between the hours of nine at night and six in the morning; that no child under the age of eleven shall be employed in street trading; that no child shall be employed in work involving the carrying of heavy weights, or in work likely to be injurious to life, health, limb, or education.

Child Labour Census.

But beyond these few statutory clauses it confers powers on all local authorities to make further by-laws suited to the local industries of their district for the further protection of the children, especially recommending them to raise the street trading age limit as far as local circumstances permit up to sixteen years, and to further restrict the hours of work late at night and in the early morning.

The chief value of the Act therefore depends on the sympathetic yet sane action which local authorities may take in the matter, and it is encouraging to note that though less than three months have elapsed since the Act came into force, a large number of local schemes have been already drafted and submitted to the Home Secretary. Among the last of these is the Borough of Hornsey, which, with a view to framing its scheme, has had a quiet child-labour census "all on its own account, and very much surprised itself at the result."

Hornsey, being a residential neighbourhood, and by no means a poor one, it was expected that

brother for sound sleeping in the middle of lesson hours—poor, weary little chaps, who wonders? Fried-fish shops similarly account for much drowsiness during what should be waking hours. As also do grocers and greengrocers, and the "knockers-up" who go out to wake workmen in

he realised. They drag, they lift, they carry little bundles of humanity only one size smaller than themselves, and only one degree less steady on their tottering feet—carrying and lifting them till their arms are always aching and their delicate spines permanently injured. This is the evil

sion has done a great deal to check their employment at such an early age, and the requisition of the new Act, with its "recommendations," will carry the work of reform still further.

Then come the little "home-workers," perhaps the most difficult class for the Act to reach, and

"THE DAILY ROUND, THE TRIVIAL TASK"—



Many a little London lad carries milk from 5.30 to 7.30, cleans boots till school time, at noon delivers more milk, and runs errands at night.

Hundreds of boys work at night in barbers' shops, doing 37 hours a week (18 hours on Saturday), and divide the rest of their time between school and bed.

When this child is not making match boxes at 2½d. per gross (and find your own paste), she is selling them in the gutter of the street.

There are five buttonholes in the average shirt. When this little girl has finished the holes in a dozen shirts for 1d., by this she makes about 1d. an hour.

time to reach their work at 5 or 6, as the case may be.

Turning to the little girls, the inquiry pointed to quite as evil results, though accurate statistics were more difficult to obtain concerning the girls'

again that doubly curses the little doorstep girl—from the age of ten and eleven starting out to wash her "round" of doorsteps from 6 or 6.30 in the morning; struggling with her heavy pail, and crumpled up over the steps for

the class most needing its protection from night labour. From the age of four, tiny children, both girls and boys, are pressed into the service of the struggling match-box makers, whose pay is 2½d. per gross of boxes, and the head-trimming workers. From the age of seven they are quite facile and responsible in both matchbox and cardbox and paper-bag work. Hemming towels, stitching hassocks, and sewing shirt-buttons are also evidenced as keeping many little children up to eleven, twelve, and one o'clock at night. One of Hornsey's little girls of twelve sews on the sixty buttons of a dozen shirts for 1½d.—doing about nine shirts per hour, and working seventeen hours a week.

Tiny Milk Deliverers.

Among babies of five, one was reported by the inquiry as engaged in sorting turnips; another in sweeping, washing, and dusting a school-house lobby; and a third in fruit picking through the summer season. Among those aged six the investigation gave special notes on two employed in minding babies, four engaged as "nurses," one in "housekeeping," and two in "domestic work," which would be entirely humorous but for the pathos of aching bones, and certainly incredible but for the fact that it was "evidence" offered to a Governmental inquiry! Among its six-year-old milk-delivers—for Hornsey is not alone in this respect—it reports on one delivering for thirty-five hours, another for twenty-eight, and others for shorter weekly periods, their wages ranging from "nothing" up to 1s. 2d. per week. Fancy our six-year-olds working for their own living to the amount of 1s. 2d. per week!

Among the wages ascertained it is significant that out of 144,000 little wage-earners 17,084 received less than 6d. a week, while nearly 50,000 returned their wages at between 6d. and 1s.

It clearly isn't too soon for the borough councils to get to work on the matter if the cry of the children is to be stayed, the stunting and crippling of their physique arrested, and the hindrance removed from our schools that they have to become the sleeping-places of our baby-slaves, who get no proper rest at home.

"WILL FURNISH ALL WE OUGHT TO ASK."



At ten years old, or thereabouts, the doorstep-cleaning girl can earn 3d. a week for each step. Cramp, rheumatism, and housemaid's knee are the natural results of these early efforts.

To "mind the baby" is labour which may seem trivial, but the reward, one scanty meal, is not despised by the half-starved minder.

No wonder the school teachers and inspectors in London's Board schools are appalled at the difficulty of getting these little white slaves to do more "work" during school hours.

A system of baby-slavery would compare well with those in the rest of the world, but while the estimated number of child wage-earners through the country was placed at six per cent. of the school children, Hornsey owns to over seven per cent., which probably points to an under-estimated number for the whole.

Among Hornsey's own 570 cases are fifteen babies between the age of six and eight, the youngest of whom delivers milk for 1½ hours a week; seventy-four are between eight and ten years; 160 between ten and twelve. One boy of thirteen worked 58½ hours a week delivering bottled beer; another, also thirteen, worked 44½ hours at a bootmaker's; and another makes a similar total by beginning his delivery at 5.35 each morning, and carrying on a varied trade of boot-cleaning, knife-polishing, and pony-feeding into the bargain.

Little Barber-boys.

Hornsey, too, finds that the life of her "lather-boys" is a depressing one, and in this it only endorses the facts brought out at the recent Inter-departmental inquiry which happily brought forth for the new Act. A typical case of one of these is that of "J. F.," aged twelve, who lathers away from five o'clock to ten every night, on Saturdays from 8.30 a.m. to 12 p.m., and on Sundays from 7.30 to two o'clock. Another, aged ten, lathered for 48½ hours a week—sixteen on Saturdays—and mentioned that as "he lathered for his father he got no wages at all." His brother-professionals do not generally get from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. per week.

The milk boys, too, have a rather bad time, having generally to start work at 5 or 5.30—Hornsey will henceforth limit milk delivery by children to the hours of "6.30 to 8 a.m." The milk-delivering boy shares a record with his lathering

work and wage-earning, since they are so largely employed without wages either by their mothers or by their mothers' neighbours in "domestic affairs" and in "baby-minding." The pathos of the "baby baby-minders" only needs seeing to

so long and wearying an interval that muscles and sinews and organs, all in their plastic, growing stage, never wholly recover. Street flower-selling has been a terrible life to little children. The Flower and Watercress Mis-

THE TOOTH-BRUSH BRIGADE.



"Ready, present—brush!" By following the methods of the drill sergeant the authorities at the Hampstead Workhouse school expect to teach their children to keep their teeth clean and free from the deadly bacteria.

ARE YOU AMBIDEXTEROUS?

How Anyone Can Do Two Things at Once.

"Anyone can do it." Thus Mr. Jackson, who lectured on ambidexterity at the Medical Society yesterday afternoon.

In front of four large-sized blackboards stood as many bright-faced girls, ranging in age from six to sixteen, who drew simultaneously with their right and left hands two entirely different and original designs. This was in illustration of the theory of the Ambidextral Culture Society, which contends that with a two-lobed brain to give the orders and two hands to execute them, it is possible to do two things well at the same time.

Mr. Jackson read a letter in which Mr. Paul Cinquevalli, after describing all the manifold things he was able to perform simultaneously, modestly declared that the most elaborate of his juggling marvels paled in interest before "Daisy's letters."

To Increase Efficiency.

With pardonable pride, the lecturer explained that his daughter, Miss Daisy Jackson, after a few weeks' practice in ambidextral writing, gratified his parental heart by sending through the post two letters written with right and left hands simultaneously. Both were absolutely distinct in contents and expression.

The brain reeled (with both lobes) at the Hyde-cum-Jekyll literary possibilities opened out by Miss Daisy's success in ambidexterity, which she further demonstrated by meeting with two-handed deftness various tests in concurrent writing and drawing set by the audience.

Already the art of doing two things at once is being taught systematically in several schools, both here and on the Continent, with it is averred by the teachers, marked benefit to the scholars.

The aim of the Society for Ambidextral Culture is not to bring up the rising generation to habitually do long division sums and draw flower studies concurrently, but to rationally develop both sides of brain and body, so that the effectiveness of every individual may be increased to the utmost.

The Prince at Portsmouth.
SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS
IN THIS WEEK'S
Illustrated Mail
A PICTURE PAPER WITH THE
WEEK'S NEWS IN PHOTOGRAPHS
One Penny. Everywhere.

A PAGE OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO WOMEN.

EVENING TOILETTES.

A MODEL THAT WILL PARTLY SUPERSEDE THE ROUND BODICE.

Modestly speaking, the Court corsage, known in dressmaking circles as the corsage à point, which accurately describes the sharply-pointed front, is to be the sensation of the moment in the realms of evening attire. That it will utterly put to rout the round bébé bodice is not in the slightest degree expected, but that it will mark a new epoch in the evening toilette is equally certain. The early Victorian beauty who set the fashion last century for the pointed corsage admired the severity of the mode so well that she did not seek to soften the simplicity of the décolletage in the way that the modern girl will chose to do.

Seventy Years Ago.

Pictured in the fourth column is a bodice of the type as it appeared seventy years ago, while in the centre of the page is shown one made this week. It will be seen that the berthe in the latter case is decidedly quaint, but much more decorative than the simple fold of gauze that served the purpose in the antique model.

Another point of contrast is this that, in the days of long ago, a rich silk frock that would stand alone was considered so desirable that it was left ungarnished by the veiling of gauze that in this day makes all the difference between a stiff-looking toilette and one that is soft and graceful.

Fine Laces the Latest Preference.

The dressmakers are reproducing the old colours, and very lovely they look. One is a delicate amber that trims excellently with fine lace like Brussels, point d'Aleçon, and Malines; it agrees

THE NEW CHILD.

MISS VIOLET HUNT'S BRILLIANT STUDY OF A MODERN LITTLE GIRL.

The unexpected has happened once more. It seemed impossible that anyone could get any fresh fun out of the "Smart Set" or the fashionable author. Yet here is Miss Violet Hunt's book, "The Celebrity at Home" (Chapman and Hall, 6s., published to-day), dealing with these subjects and full of entertainment from beginning to end.

of being neglected; and to Ariadne, who is "pretty on the whole, and would think she was even if she wasn't, so it is a good thing she is;" and Ben, who is employed now as a gardener, now as commissionaire at a party, and now as valet to his illustrious parent. As for the other authors and journalists and society people, she makes fun of them in the most delightfully unconscious way by simply recording their remarks and behaviour.

Clearly humour is Miss Hunt's line. She began with it in "The Maiden's Progress," and now she has got back to it she ought to be compelled to add to the gaiety of the nation by at least one book every year.



A pretty bébé bodice made of cream mousseline, spangled with silver and trimmed with Valenciennes lace and pale blue chiffon.



The new corsage à point shown here is part of a toilette composed of rose-pink satin, veiled with pink gauze, and completed by berthes of point d'Aleçon and gold tissue rosettes.



Seventy years' ago sharply-pointed bodices were fashionable. It is from models like the one illustrated above that inspiration has been gained for those of this season.

the fork go right through the paste. Decorate the top with slices of candied peel. Lay it on a tin lined with buttered paper, and bake in a slow oven till a pale brown.

Cost 6d. for eight or more portions.

NO MORE GREY HAIR.
VALENTINE'S EXTRACT (WALNUT STAIN)
Changes Grey Hair or Whiskers to Light Brown, Dark Brown or Black. One liquid; a perfect, cleanly, and harmless stain. Acts at once—no smell or stickiness—leaves the hair soft and with a natural gloss. Will not soil the pillow. Warranted free from lead, sulphur, etc. It is washable, nourishing, and lasting.
1s. per bottle. 1 larger size, 2s. 6d. by post 3d. extra.
C. L. VALENTINE, 32, Snow Hill, London, E.C.

EIFFEL TOWER
Bun and Cake making made so easy that even a child can make delicious light buns and cakes with certain success by using Eiffel Tower **BUN FLOUR**

also with the now very fashionable gold and silver gauze ribbons that make such charming rosettes and bows. Antique blue is another shade that will be much seen, and salmon pink is going to once more demonstrate its beautiful character.

A Charming Blouse Bodice.

The bébé bodice of the first column is an altogether charming little model carried out in cream mousseline, covered with silver paillettes. The berthe is a battlemented one of mousseline edged with Valenciennes, another very fashionable type of lace, and finished with rolls of pale blue gauze caught together at intervals with old-fashioned turquoise and pearl ornaments.

SOCIAL PEEP-SHOW.

There was a great deal of life and movement in the West End yesterday, the mild air and sunshine bringing people out of doors. There were many numbers of luncheon and afternoon parties going on, and about five o'clock Rotten-row was full of carriages and people on foot.

Near Hyde Park Corner there was a continuous stream of carriages turning up Park-lane to Gloucester House to inquire after the Duke of Cambridge. The Queen was out driving, accompanied by Princess Victoria, and there were several duchesses to be seen, among them the Duchess of St. Albans, the Duchess of Somerset, and the Duchess of Bedford on her way to Prince's Skating Rink.

An Energetic Owner.

Since the Duchess of Bedford became the owner of Prince's Rink she has been most untiring in her efforts

A good deal of the fun is due to the amusing style of the little girl who is supposed to be writing the book. But this would soon tire if the people she describes were not all so amusingly real. "George," the fashionable author, who kept a wife and family out of the way for ten years and posed in society as a bachelor, is handled rather cruelly. One fancies Miss Hunt must know George, and that she doesn't like him. His family didn't either, and that is the only jarring note in the book—that a child should write with such frank contempt for her father. However, she does justice to her mother, who takes a humorous view of life, in spite

to improve it in every way, and certainly this year it has been more popular than ever.

The Duchess frequently arrives at the Rink at half-past seven in the morning, and skates for an hour before breakfast, returning before ten to spend the entire morning practising figure skating. Just recently the members of Prince's have presented her with a beautiful bronze statuette, of which she is very proud, and which is placed in the lounge of the club.

Besides skating, another hobby of the Duchess's is fishing; she is an expert angler, and has landed many a salmon in the Duke's Scotch waters. At Woburn Abbey, the principal seat of the Duke of Bedford, there is a most wonderful collection of animals in the park, including several zebras, which are regularly driven in a vehicle something like a dog-cart. They are never taken outside the park.

Diplomatic and Popular.

The retirement of Sir Edmund Monson from his post as our Ambassador to France has given rise to rumours of his probable successor. Lord Londonderry and Lord Pembroke have been mentioned as likely to succeed him at the French capital, but both these suggestions are widely improbable.

It is, however, rumoured—I believe, with a certain amount of truth—that Sir Frank Lascelles will

SIMPLE DISH.

SHORT-CAKE.

INGREDIENTS:—Half a pound of flour, two ounces of castor sugar, four ounces of butter, a few slices of candied peel.

Mix the flour and sugar together. Then rub the butter finely into them. Next begin to knead it hard with your hands till it begins to bind together. You must use no moisture. You must work at it till it is quite soft, and will shape easily without cracking. Make it into ovals or rounds. Crimp the edges. Prick the top all over with a fork, letting

be transferred from Berlin to Paris. There will be a great deal of regret in Berlin if this is the case, for Sir Frank is one of the most popular British Ambassadors ever sent to Germany. He is persona grata with the Kaiser, whose other English friend is Lord Lonsdale; and as a diplomatist he is unequalled for tact and geniality.

As a host Sir Frank Lascelles is well known; his Embassy parties are delightful. Twice, however, I remember incidents disturbing the harmony of his dinner-parties. Once when soup was being served a footman upset a plate into the lap of a lady, and on another occasion about half-way through dinner the host and his friends were astonished to see a lady jump up from her chair with a scream and rush out of the room. It transpired that a wasp had got down the back of her dress and stung her here like a spartan, but the twelfth was too much.

A Royal Invalid.

The German Empress is moving from Berlin to the Bellevue Palace, where she will remain until the Emperor's return. The reason of this is that she is still suffering from the effects of the accident to her foot some time ago. Her Majesty is not allowed to walk at all, and even indoors is obliged to be wheeled about. Bellevue is much quieter

than Berlin, and only her two youngest children and two of her sisters are staying with the Empress.

Congratulations.

Many happy returns to-day to Sir Francis Jeune, who will be sixty-one years of age, and in honour of whose birthday there is to be a dinner-party to-night at his house in Harley-street.

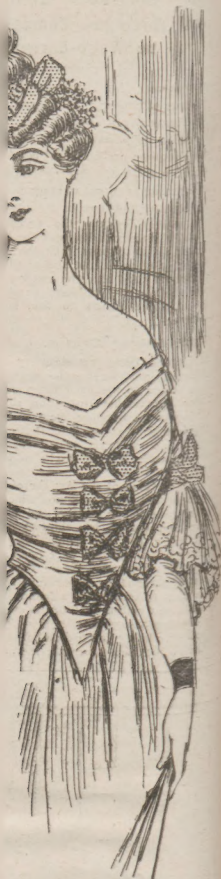
Lady Jeune is the hostess of to-day whose parties are more like those of the hostesses in the early days of the last reign. At her house the most brilliant and talented men and women of the day are to be found, and there is hardly a celebrity living who at one time or another has not been her guest.

"FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS."

The expedition sent from Denmark last summer to investigate the mineral resources of Greenland has discovered rich deposits of copper, graphite, and asbestos in the interior of the island; and on the coast, veins of marble and coal.

Berning, the promoter of this expedition, will send a second one on a similar errand this summer, and should further research give as favourable results he will start a Danish-Greenland company to exploit the treasures hidden in the island soil.

WOMEN.



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NO MORE GREY HAIR.

NTINE'S EXTRACT WALNUT STAIN! Grey Hair or Whiskers to wain, Dark Brown or Black, a perfect, cleanly, and harmless at once—no smell or stickiness he hair soft and with a natural ill not soil the pillow. War reo from lead, sulphur, etc. washable, nourishing, and leading.

er bottle. 1 larger sizes, 2/- & 5/6 by post 3d. extra.

INE, 32, Snow Hill, London, E.C.

THE EIFFEL TOWER

Bun and Cake making made so easy that even a child can ice delicious light and cakes with certain by using Eiffel Tower

IN FLOUR

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READY TO-MORROW, PART II.

"Japan's Fight for Freedom."

By the Author of "WITH THE FLAG TO PRETORIA."

A Stirring Narrative of the Struggle between Russia and Japan. . .

"A remarkably good sixpenny-worth. Mr. Wilson's picturesque story of the awakening of Japan to the conditions of modern warfare is a most striking narrative, and it is emphasised by a convincing series of photographs and drawings by prominent war artists."

—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

"Judging from this first number the complete work will be an exhaustive and graphic history of the drama now being played at Port Arthur."

—DAILY GRAPHIC.

"Mr. H. W. Wilson's account of the sudden beginnings of the modern movement in Japan is striking and picturesque, as well as finely illustrated."

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"Brightly told, well printed, and graphically illustrated."

—WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

"The work possesses features which cannot fail to attract interest."

—GLOBE.

PART I.

with which is presented a valuable and attractive coloured map, has again been reprinted, and will also be

ON SALE TO-MORROW.

"Japan's Fight for Freedom."

6d. FORTNIGHTLY.

GIVE YOUR NEWSMAN AN ORDER TO-DAY FOR PARTS I. AND II.

TO-MORROW YOU MAY BE TOO LATE

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNING.



Many exiles from Erin made their way to Covent Garden Market yesterday to buy and order fresh bunches of shamrock for their button-holes to-day, or for the adornment of their dinner-tables to-night.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Memory of Irish Saint Kept Green by Shamrock.

No Saint's Day is so honoured as St. Patrick's Day, which is observed as much in London as in the Emerald Isle itself.

This is mainly owing to the patriotism of the Irish, but the enthusiasm for keeping the festival received an enormous impetus at the time of the South African war.

Lady Limerick then started her famous Shamrock League, in aid of Irish soldiers' children and widows, and everyone welcomed the opportunity of helping the relatives of the "Dublin Fusiliers," "Royal Irish," and other regiments. Queen Victoria herself gave hearty support to the movement to aid "her brave Irish."

It was at this time that the wearing of the shamrock became officially recognised on St. Patrick's Day in the Army and Navy.

All the profits from the sale of shamrock at Lady Limerick's depôts go to the Shamrock League. Nearly half a ton has already been sold there within the past few days.

Queen and Irish Guards.

Now the "Wearing o' the Green" has become quite general. All yesterday shamrock was arriving in quantities at Covent Garden.

At a very early hour this morning there were crowds of flower sellers eagerly buying large supplies to stock their baskets, the usual spring flowers, yellow daffodils, pink anemones, and yellow-brown wallflower being completely hidden under masses of the little green plant.

The event of to-day is the presentation by the Queen of shamrock to the Irish Guards, when Irish tunes will be played.

Then all the prominent Irish women in London are helping at the great St. Patrick's Day sale of the Irish Industries Association at Grosvenor House, and Lord Londonderry presides at the annual festival of the Benevolent Society of St. Patrick at Prince's Gallery.

To-night the King's table will be decorated with shamrock and all the dinners in society will be "shamrock" dinners. The Irish concert at the Albert Hall will fittingly end St. Patrick's Day in London.

PAT, THE GUARDSMAN.



Every man in the Irish Guards will be presented with a bunch of shamrock by the Queen to-day. The little green trefail will come direct from Ireland through the agency of the Countess of Limerick's Shamrock League.

DOG'S NINE LIVES.

People on the Admiralty Pier at Dover yesterday saw a strange sight. A dog ran barking at the engine of the boat express, and was thrown forward on the line by a projecting rod.

The dog jumped up unhurt, and again barked defiance at the engine. It was knocked down a second time, and the whole train passed over its body. The owner found the dog lying in the track, apparently lifeless; but it was only stunned, and was able to walk home, dreamily and subdued.

THE CONQUEST OF "JENNY."



Three hours' hard work sufficed on Tuesday to persuade a zebra at the Zoo that its proper function in life is to carry children. "Jenny" was sent by Menelik to King Edward and deposited at the Zoo by her royal master. Captain Horace Hayes, assisted by Zoo attendants, broke Jenny to a halter, and finally to bridle and saddle, after the manner shown in our drawing.

UNTAMABLE TAMED.

Children Will Ride the Zoo Zebras in June.

The education of the zebras was continued with conspicuous success at the Zoo yesterday. Jess, after her three hours' tussle of the day before, emerged from her stall into the little paddock with the merest glimmer of a sparkle in her eyes. She made no great objection seemingly to the halter, the bridle, the roller, or even the restricting martingale which brought her proud head several inches lower than she is wont to hold it. The same treatment was followed, and beyond a spasmodic jump and kick now and then, just to "keep her end up," her behaviour was exemplary. At the conclusion of this lesson in good manners, Jess received a friendly pat from patient Captain Hayes, and retired in contemplative dignity to her stall.

Waltzing in Anger.

Then came the turn of her stable companion. She is rather smaller than Jess, and at present suffers under the stigma of being nameless. That fact may account for her surprising docility. There were a few lively minutes at the outset, and that was all. The restraining bonds were affixed without any very violent objection, and there was a pause. The animal eyed Captain Hayes, standing a few feet away with halter in hand, with interest but without animosity. Her attitude was one of pained surprise rather than anger. Then dignity reasserted itself and strife commenced. The nameless one looked down at her near fore-foot, which, for some astounding reason, she could not put to the ground. It was perplexing and tiring standing on three legs without even being allowed the relief of tossing one's head. Indeed, it was unbearable.

Quiver and she was dancing upon the two legs she could use with comfort. She waltzed, pirouetted, and took a few unfamiliar steps, circling wrathfully about Captain Hayes. The stableman and her keeper, together with a photographer or two, kept at respectful distances.

But this exalted posture irked her presently. Down she came with a bump upon the poor third leg. It was too much for her equilibrium, and, with a crash, the nameless one fell literally upon her nose. She attempted to rise, trembled with rage, and found herself firmly secured by an uncomfortable rope which absolutely forbade any attempt at getting up. Then she discovered that she had hurt herself. It bled a little, though she forgot the pain in her indignation.

Freedom Surrendered.

She breathed hard, but the fight was over. Her dignity was lost for ever. "Now, then," said Captain Hayes. The rope was slackened, and slowly and painfully she found her feet. A few minutes more of slow walking round at the end of a pair of long-web reins and, to the supreme amazement of this discomfited zebra, something heavy was resting on her back. She bowed beneath this added indignity, and in another moment a despised human was astride her broad back, his dirty boots rubbing her sides.

Painfully the nameless one followed the tantalising stableman, who walked slowly in front, just out of her reach. A whip stung her legs, and she gave a remonstrative kick. But the quiet man with the musical voice spoke to her gently, and she decided to take his counsel.

"Now, then, we'll trot," said Captain Hayes. This was another matter. "Yar larry thing," the pleasant voice accused her, and the whip touched her again. She trotted submissively.

The brand-new saddle rested in its corner. Later she found it not uncomfortable. In June she will wear it every day, and she affirmed to the representative of the *Mirror*, she will be very proud to show all the other animals how well and safely she can carry little boys and girls.

DEAD FOR DAYS IN A TRAIN.

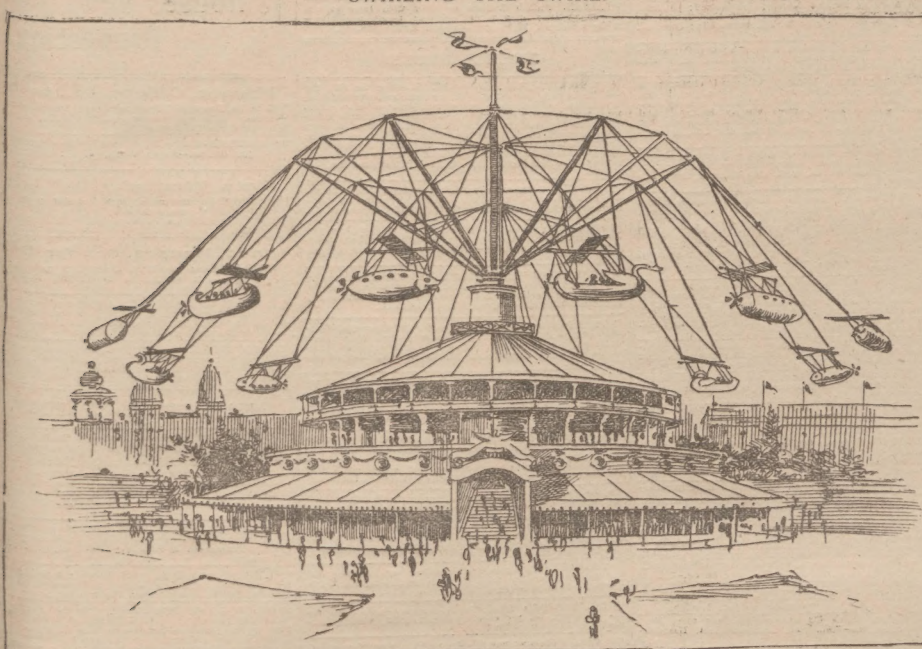
A porter at Clifton, Bristol, yesterday found in one of the carriages of a shunted workmen's train the dead body of a seafaring man aged about forty-five. A bottle, believed to have contained poison, was by his side.

The train had been in the siding unused for several days, and the body had been lying there during that period.

**His Engagement To Steer the Black at Liverpool Confirmed by Telegram
Received at Gatwick Racecourse Yesterday.**

The Clerk of the Scale Arranges
the Correct Weight.

SWIRLING THE SWIRL.



This is the first published drawing of Sir Hiram Maxim's extraordinary combination of flying machine and merry-go-round, of which so much is expected. It promises to introduce to the world a new, thrilling and exhilarating pastime, combining a maximum of momentum with a minimum of risk.

ARE BACHELORS LAX?

Unmarried Men Indignant at a Judge's Slur.

A terrible indictment has been levelled at the unmarried men of England by Sir Francis Jeune. His statement from the bench of the Divorce Court, that he believed that the respondent in a certain notorious divorce case was "no better and no worse than the great majority of unmarried men," has roused a storm of wrath and denunciation from all classes in the country.

Not only are the unmarried men up in arms at the slur which has been cast upon them, but the fathers and mothers of England are righteously indignant at what they consider an unfavourable and scandalous libel on their brothers and sons.

Writing to the "Daily Mail," a correspondent signing himself "Indignant" says: "Sir Francis Jeune has cast a most unmerited slur on the character of unmarried Englishmen generally by his scandalous utterance."

"Without giving any reasons for his obiter dictum, the President of the Divorce Court leaves the world to infer that the average single man is a person of evil life."

"Is it wise, is it fair to judge all men, married or unmarried, by the standard of a respondent in a Divorce Court petition?"

Not All Black.
"Are Sir F. Jeune's remarks wanton calumny, or are they the result of deplorable thoughtlessness on the weight such an utterance would carry?" asks a correspondent of the "Mirror." "He certainly has the best possible opportunity of obtaining an insight into the morals of persons who attend his court, but this surely gives him no right or title to blacken the characters of the unmarried men of the community."

Since Sir Francis Jeune made his unlucky and now notorious statement practically no other subject has been discussed at the clubs, and at the Bachelors' Club in particular the members consider themselves particularly aggrieved. One

of the members of this club asks if Sir Francis Jeune realises what a serious slur he has cast on a large number of eminent bachelors, and he has drafted a short list of highly-respected unmarried men, beginning with the Prime Minister.

Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour.
Lord Milner.
Maj.-Gen. Baden-Powell.
Lord Hardwicke.
Lord High Cecil.
H.E.H. Prince Francis of Teck.
Mr. Max Beerhohn.
Sir Edward Carson (Self-judicial).

An Archdeacon's View.

Archdeacon Sinclair, who, like Sir Francis Jeune, is a graduate of Balliol College, Oxford, by no means holds the same estimate of his fellow-men as the President of the Divorce Court. "My experience of the men I met at my university," said the reverend gentleman, "was that they were pure and clean living, and that such a thing as breaking the Seventh Commandment never entered into their minds."

Equally emphatic was the Archdeacon in stating his belief in the clean lives of the unmarried men with whom his present everyday experience brings him in contact.

What a Sociologist Thinks.

These are the questions which a "Mirror" representative put to an eminent sociologist yesterday apropos of Sir Francis Jeune's utterance.

"The learned judge's remark must have been made in a thoughtless moment," was the reply, "or else he has been most peculiarly unfortunate in the selection of his acquaintances both at college and in society. Any student of sociology will tell you that Sir Francis Jeune's experience in the Divorce Court should lead him to the same conclusion—that there is more laxness of morality among married than unmarried men. An unmarried man, as a rule, has his ideal. He has either found it and is in love with it, or he is still searching for it. Whichever way it is, it has a steadying effect on his character."

"On the other hand, how often do you find a married man with an ideal? It is loss of an ideal, or want of one, that leads to laxness of morality."

FLYING FOR THE MILLION.

Sir Hiram Maxim Invents a Marvellous "Merry-go-round."

Speculation and mystery have for the last seven months surrounded Sir Hiram Maxim and his new flying-machine. The veil is now lifted, and a weird structure is revealed—a kind of scientific whirlingig.

At Tulse Hill the inventor has erected a working model of the machine, which will be erected at the St. Louis Exhibition, at the Crystal Palace, and also at Earl's Court. A percentage of the earnings will go to Sir Hiram, and he intends to use the money for continuing his experiments, and hopes in time to invent a flying-machine heavier than the air which will rely upon dynamic energy alone.

His queer "captive flying-machine," as he calls it, resembles an inverted umbrella, with ten huge ribs; at the end of each swings a wooden fish-shaped car, eighteen feet long. Passengers enter often gives an impression of greater speed than a sixty-mile-an-hour express, cleverly driven and travelling sweetly over a well-laid road. Sir Hiram's whirlingig, on the contrary, gives an impression of terrific speed even at only twenty miles an hour, because all the objects in the foreground, as well as the background, rush past with equal apparent velocity.

Sir Hiram's scientific "merry-go-rounds" seem to have a future before them. But when will they supply our real long-felt want, a pair of wings to go to business with in the morning?

BUSY TIME ON 'CHANGE.

The stock markets commenced yesterday in vigorous fashion. Recent speculators for the fall trooped in to buy; the Continental bourses were strong, and there were American buying orders, while Amsterdam bought American rails with as much zest as possible. In fact, it looked like quite a strong time for markets, and everybody forgot his recent troubles.

But, unfortunately, the public is not buying to any extent, and before the close the speculative repurchasing was slackening considerably, so that last prices were below the best.

This applied especially to Consols, but, curiously enough, the Transvaal loan was dull all day, perhaps because of the expected new issue.

Home Admirals had the excellent traffic predicted for them, but even they picked up.

As for Americans, they fairly went ahead, and the big financial houses kept the pressure on to make it warm for speculators for the fall.

Even Grand Trunks caught the fever, and though a traffic decrease of £20,000 is expected to-day, people spoke about it as though it were a joke.

The strike is still going on merrily on the Rosario road, but if anybody thought that this was going to stop Argentine Rails they made a mistake. There were good traffic, and there were the Government victories in the Parliamentary elections.

Good enough to go on with. Mexican Rails woke up, too, for there were record traffics, and better prices for silver.

As for the Foreign market, the excitement on the bourses set prices whizzing upwards, but they closed with the top of the market taken off. Copper shares were rising, by reason of the good statistics, showing that the amount of copper in sight at the present time is about the lowest recorded.

In the Miscellaneous market Docks were the feature, as it is said the Lord Mayor is going to lead the deputation to the Board of Trade on Monday.

Kaffirs derived benefit from the frightening of speculators for the fall. The Continent bought, and the big houses made things hum, but they slackened before the fall. Adelaide was selling West Australians, which made them dull, and anybody who wanted to do business at all in them sold West Africans.

On the whole it is the best Stock Exchange story we have had to tell for some time.

Small Advertisements

are received at the offices of the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., and 2, Carmelite Street, E.C., between the hours of 10 and 7 (Saturdays, 10 to 2), for insertion in the issue of the following day, at the rate of 12 words 1/- (1d. each word afterwards). Advertisements, if sent by post, must be accompanied by Postal Orders crossed BARCLAY & CO. (stamps will not be accepted).

"Daily Illustrated Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" Offices, a box department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Manservant.
PORTER in warehouse or otherwise; age 16; 3 years' character; 412-115, Write K., Bond-street, Bureau, 45 New Bond-street, W.
General Servant.
GENERAL; disengaged; 21; most country servant; excellent ref.; 412-112, Pargeter-street, Walsall.
Miscellaneous.
BAKER'S; as second; used to high-class trade.—D., 63, Great Dover-street, Borough.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

Cooks.
COOK (daily) for luncheon; 9.30 till 3 o'clock; wages 10s. a week.—Apply 141, New Bond-street, 12.30 to 9.30.
COOK-GENERAL (good) wanted for Kensington; home-purvisional &c.; 3 in family; 422-2—Write 1176, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.
General Servants.
GENERAL Servant (superior) required immediately; wages 48s. all found; books, knives, or window; no children; comfortable home to clean, willing girl.—9, Kettle-grove, Brompton & Bush.
GENERAL Servant wanted in small private house; no washing.—Apply, personally or by letter, Mrs. Burnside, 214, Bridge-road, Battersea.

Miscellaneous.
A GOOD AGENCY; cash or credit; unlimited scope.—Particulars of John Myers and Co., Ltd. (Dept. D.M.I. 161, 125, 131, Westminster Bridge-road, London, E.C. 18, 1817.

ART.—Established 1893; stamped envelope (20)–17, Ranelagh-gate, Fulham.

ART.—Wanted. Persons who could devote a few hours daily to tinting postcards, prints, etc.; good prices; work sent—Particulars, addressed envelope, B. Stafford, Works, 31, Stafford-road, Bow, London.

CANYASSERS for each district: England, Ireland, Scotland; experienced; honest; home; earnings 6s. 8d. on every round order; outfit 2s. 6d.; guarantee required.—Letters only, 3, Francis-road, Croydon.

COMFORTABLE increasing income, either sex with capital; vanishing ability.—Address: Incorporated Tax Estates, Mansion House, London.

EVENING EMPLOYMENT; addressing envelopes and C. nominating other addresses.—For terms send addressed envelope to: North, Department 29, York-buildings, Adelphi, London.

MONEY easily earned at home (either sex); work taken and paid for; thoroughly genuine; addressed envelope. Cameron and Co., 19, Silver-street, East Dulwich, London, S.E.

PERSONS WANTED, either sex, for cutting paper stencils at home; easy; good pay.—Addressed envelope to: Golding and Co., 75, Melbourne-grove, East Dulwich, London, S.E.

REPRESENTATIVES for each district: England, Ireland, Scotland; must be well known to stationers to make them agents; showing 25 per cent. profit; and a retiring partner required; good terms and bonus.—Letters only, 3, Francis-road, Croydon.

SEVENTY Pounds a Year.—Youths between 17 and 20 may earn this salary in Government offices as part-time division Clerks if they will pass an examination for which preparation is given by post. For particulars apply to: London, W.C.; day evening and postal classes; bona fide success; first place received at recent exam; short hours; a prospect of obtaining £250 a year, and a retiring partner; 26 successes last examination—Call or write, as above; Sherry's Civil Service Manual, post free, 2s. 2d.

2 WEEKLY.—Evening or spare time employment offered to suit persons; for particulars, please send addressed envelope to: Manager, 78, Myrtle-road, Clapham, London.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

A LADY wishes to sell fitted 56-guinea upright, iron brass drawing room piano; full trichord; good machine; sound; playing; with grand repeater check action; handsome mahogany panel, with carved pillars; nearly new; maker's 20 years' warranty; transferable; take 15 guineas; approval willingly.—G., 231, Burdett-road, Bow, London, E.

PIANO'S Flann.—25 per cent. discount for cash, or B's 4d. per month; second-hand pianos, short horizontal grand from 25s.; upright grand, 17s. 6d.; cottage, 6d. to 13s. per month on the 3 years' system.—G. Biles and Co., 74 and 76, Southampton-row, London, W.C.

PIANO, walnut; trichord; good condition; 6 guineas.—Davies, 82, Calveria-road, Highbury, N.

PIANOPORE; splendid instrument; 15 guineas.—6, Flinton-street, Surrey-square, Old Kent-road.

VIOLIN (valuable); marvellous tone; labelled Stradivarius Gmona, 1690; case, bow; sacrifice 18s. 6d.; approval first.—Mrs. Tyler, Rockingham-road, Uxbridge.

GARDENING.

CARNATION Seed, with full cultural directions, 1s.—Arthur Cook, Southvale, Upper Norwood.

CLIFF, the "Rose King," for beautiful Roses; hundreds testimonials; 12 choice varieties, named 3s.; 3 Hardy ramblers, 3 colours, 1s. 6d.; catalogue free.—Cliff, St. John's, Great Queen-street, London, W.C.

FLOWERING Primroses, Fern Roots, 1s. doz. 5s. 100, free.—Forbes, Beckley, Sussex.

"GARDEN LURE" is the largest and best Penny Paper for amateur gardeners; send this week's issue; profusely illustrated with diagrams, and full of hints and hints on all matters of gardening; all newsgazettes, or from Hutton House, Great Queen-street, London, W.C.

MOST Easterly English Nursery.—Buy stuff hardly constitution; Forest, Fruit, Tree, and flower, hardy and greenhouse plants, any variety, any quantity; low estimates per return; large descriptive catalogue of cheap offers post free.—E. Gape, Lower Weymouth, Dorset.

PRIZE-WINNING Roses, choice named 5s. dozen, carriage paid; catalogue, free, Morris, R.H.H., Ashby-street, Birmingham.

VEGETABLE SEEDS.—14 large 2d. packets and one pint early peas, main crop, and runner beans sent post free 1s. 4d.; guaranteed true croppers.—Imperial Supply Stores, 4-12, Crompton-street, Newington Butts, London.

PARTNERSHIPS AND FINANCIAL.

ADVANCES: £10 and upwards.—Apply by letter Mr. Bridge, 10, Broadway, Woking.

F. NORTH and Co., 62, Borough High-street, London, S.E., who grant advances from £5 to £1,000. Easy repayments, low charges, no fees or fines. Please mention this paper.

LADIES desiring little extra Cash write or call Bureau, 5, Whitechapel-street, London, E.

LOANS.—£25 and upwards; any distance; repay by post.—Lloyd, Bishopsgate, Guildford.

Small advertisements continued on next page.

£15

BUY OF THE MAKERS.

BENSON'S £15

"NEW CENTURY" WATCH.

BEST LONDON MADE, with all the latest improvements, in 18ct. Gold Hunting or Half-Hunting Cases, £15.

OR SYSTEM OF

"THE TIMES"

15 Monthly Payments of £1.

Illustrated Catalogue 24U. of Watches, Chains, Rings, Imperial Table, Bags, &c., Free.

62 and 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C., and 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

SUITS GIVEN FREE. WILL YOU AWAY FREE. HAVE ONE?

As an inducement to place your orders with us to see what value we give for money we will return the money to each of the first six customers whose letters are opened on Wednesday morning, the 23rd inst., and will supply their Suits or Overcoat free to them. Should you not be in the first six you will have been discussed at the clubs, and at the Bachelors' Club in particular the members consider themselves particularly aggrieved. One

successful customers last Monday, each of whom had their Suits or Overcoat, and the money returned.—W. J. LORICK, 2, Charlotte-street, Clerkenwell, KENT & WELLY, Croxson, near Leicester; S. P. MARSHALL, 2, Maypole, Lymington, Hants.; W. H. BROCKLEBANK, 3, Trinity-grove, Epsom, Surrey; H. L. 2, CHAPMAN, 49, Glaston-street, Acomb, Yorks; W. LANE, 70, Great-street, Maidenhead.

SPECIAL EASTER OFFER. 27/6 Suits for 19/11.

Write NOW for patterns and self-measure forms and so be in time for our BIG OFFER, which TERMINATES on WEDNESDAY, March 23.

D. M. THOMPSON & SONS, TAILORS, Ltd., 3, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W., and 81, BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHOUT, E.C.

